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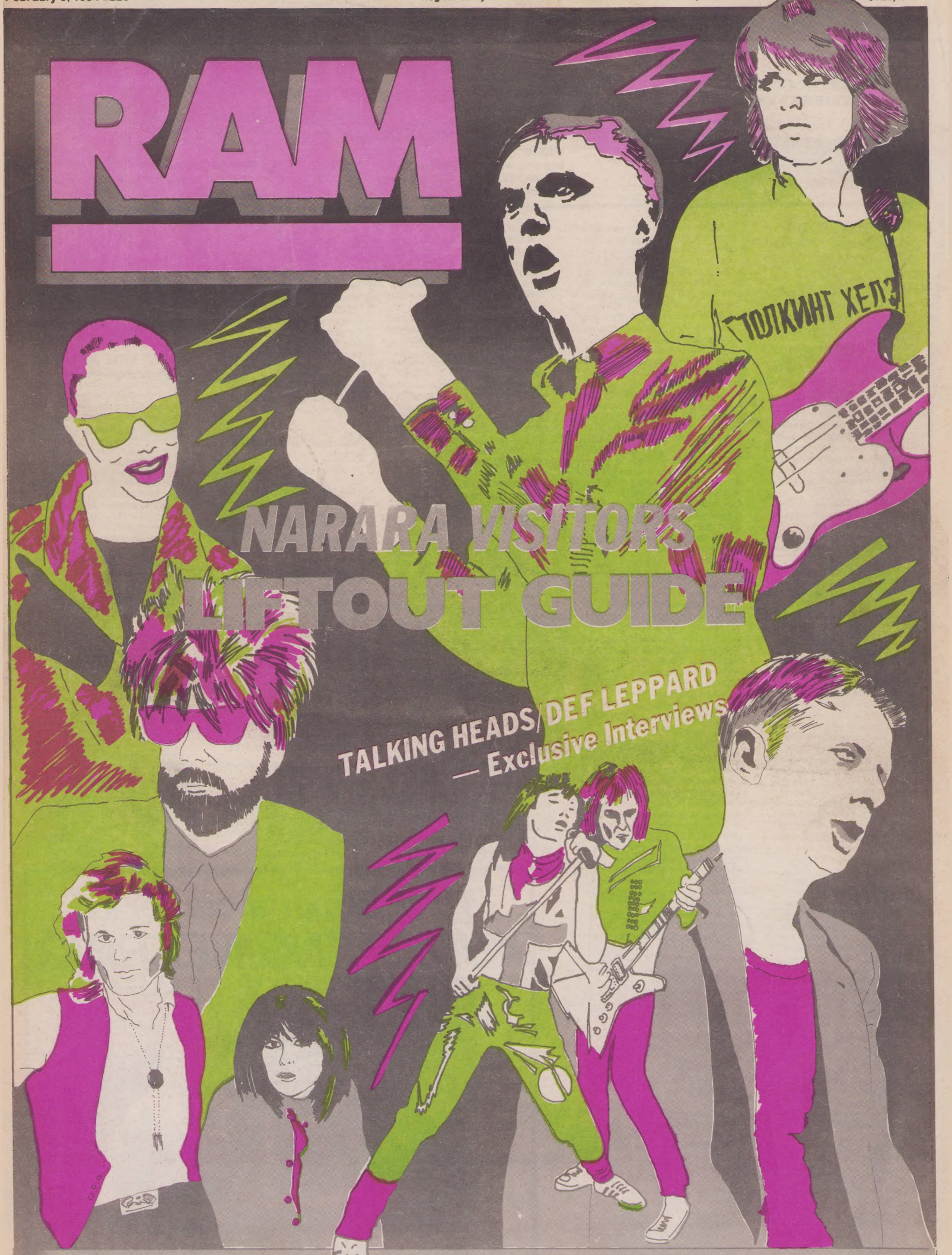
RAM



NARARA VISITORS LIFTOUT GUIDE

TALKING HEADS/DEF LEPPARD — Exclusive Interviews

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN • CLARENCE CLEMONS
CELIBATE RIFLES • SPK • KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
DEAR ENEMY • *CAROLINE CALLING!*—Pirate Radio Returns

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SEND YOUR RAM LETTERS TO: 7TH FL, 50 MARGARET ST, SYDNEY 2000

THE INDIE DEBATE I

Dear Toby Creswell,

You're certainly stirring things up with this "indie stuff", and, for what it's worth, here's my two-penn'orth.

I'm afraid I can't comment on the 2nd Indie Expo as I was out of the country when it was held — the first one was, I know, a great success and clearly needed repeating and broadening. I don't think it matters whether the public want an "independent record industry" or not: fact is, in an industry where the multi-nationals dominate, any collective marketing of what else is available to those who like to buy records is to be encouraged — Warren Fahey's right, and furthermore, the idealists and vinyl freaks who put out records because they love 'em are at the very backbone of the music industry: remember John Hammond, Ahmet Ertegun and Chris Blackwell?

I must admit that this whole business of "what's an indie?" is interesting to me. The trouble is that any category like "independent" is bound to be insufficient. Festival aren't: they're owned by a multi-national media company and their revenue is largely dependent on the licensing of overseas labels. Is A&M independent? What about Virgin? Motown? Each is different.

One thing's for sure: if do your own distribution, you're independent; but it's silly to say that if you license to a major overseas company then you lose that status. Rightly or wrongly, "indie" *does* indicate something to do with being outside the music mainstream, and that is probably the key. I'd say labels like Big Time or Regular or Mushroom were just "record labels" competing for a market share of the mainstream, along with the rest of 'em. I think Hot and Phantom and Larrikin are independent, even tho' Hot is the only one that distributes itself. So maybe there are "sort of" indies and "true" indies — I don't think that really matters.

What *does* matter to me is that music which is aside from or ahead in some cases, of the mainstream, is spotted, nursed and developed along the lines that the artists themselves are developing. The record market is a big one and it takes different tastes and skills from those that the major companies offer to keep it healthy and alive with new blood, with new ideas. The majors are not set up to do this: they're too big and too unwieldy. (A fact that has been clear to me for the last decade). The so-called "indie" movement of the mid/late seventies in England went back to basics and made their own records, just like Chess, Motown, Atlantic and many more American indies did a generation ear[lier] and, fundamentally, *they* [chan]*ged the mainstream.*

And don't be daft, Toby: I, for one, bought a record 'cos it was on Stax or Minit and I know people buy a Hot or a Phantom record for the same reason — they like the records that label puts out, and they buy 'em. Fanatics, you may say, the real addicts — yes, but this base market can and does grow or "cross over", to put it in rockspeak — and things change, keep healthy, and that's important. You can call it "indie" "specialist", wotever. The specialist market exists, majors don't cover it properly 'cos it's not economic, so an enthusiast steps in and does it — that's just how it works.

I won't go into a ramble on why Avion aren't "independent", or how Hoodoo Gurus share a label with Air Supply — but Toby, you're out of your mind to say that the people who worry about Australian Independent Music are the ones that can't sell records. What's "selling records"? Spending $2,000 and selling 5,000 LPs? Not many by your standards, maybe, but labels can exist like that — they don't need to spend $15,000 and hurl it at the charts, spending even more, because it fits the Top 40 sound of the moment. And the only responsibility of a record company is to sell records? Really!? Nothing to do with spotting raw talent, developing it, caring about it, marketing it appropriately, accounting to it honestly and fairly — making good records?

That part of your letter was crazy. Expos and *Sedition* were not window-dressing — they're an honest attempt to broaden the base, along with playing the suburbs and hiring promotions people to convince radio etc. And maybe there are crooks on both sides of the fence — all I can say is: don't sign contracts of any kind easily, and get to know who you're working with, and if you can get to a position of trust, then *do it* — someone has to take care of business.

The record industry has always had a rough edge to it, something to do with its nature. But it is fun, and if it's not, then don't be in it — and "indies", make no mistake about it, have re-introduced the fun into the record biz — I, for one, hope it continues and flourishes, especially here in Australia where there is so much new. . . There you are — not 'independent companies', but *'new* companies'. That's much better!

Thanks for the stir,
Martin Jennings,
for HOT RECORDS.

THE INDIE DEBATE 2

I feel absolutely astounded at Toby Creswell's ranting missive in RAM, 20/1/84. At first I thought it was barely worth the effort of a reply, but now I feel that I must respond to his wild comments. I can only assume that Toby has been labouring under some highly romantic illusion about the "independent industry" for the several years that he has been involved in it — why else would he suddenly come up with the unbelievable opinions that surfaced in his letter?

I totally agree with Toby that 1983's Independent Music Expo wasn't everybody's cup of tea, and he is at liberty to feel that the expo departed from the idea and ideals that he, personally, considers "independent". However, I just cannot swallow the comment that he has made about the rock press covering independent music "thoroughly" (funny. . . I've never seen an article on Climbing Frame in *RAM*, and have yet to see Scattered Order on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, though obscure American personages grace it often enough). As for 2SER and 2JJJ playing "anything" — well, old Tobe must have turned his radio off about ninety years ago. As a sometimes extremely frustrated employee of 2JJJ, I can assure you that we do not play "anything", and just about everyone who works here will vouch for the fact that they have felt frustrated and angry about tracks they have considered worthy not getting airplay on the station.

Another point that makes it look as if Toby came down in some sort of shower in 1977 is his assumption that the "so-called independent music industry" began three or four years ago. This is wildly inaccurate, not to say incredibly short-sighted. Obviously rock history isn't Toby's strong point — some of us pay great credit to Sun Records which was formed in the early 1950s — because white record companies wouldn't record and white radio stations wouldn't play black music. (But now that some radio stations in the USA play black music, I imagine Toby thinks that blacks have sold out.)

Independent music, in fact, goes back to the early 30s in recorded form, and before that in unrecorded form. (For more info, contact Hank Facer at the Australian Museum of Indigenous Recordings, something fascinating represented at the Independent Expo). The public DO CARE what they hear and what they buy, Toby, as long as they get to hear it.

Many of us subscribe to a rather old theory; there is absolutely no barrier to people's acceptance of any kind of music, as long as they get to hear it, because you just cannot like or accept anything that you cannot hear. On discussing the reasons why independent music isn't played with my colleagues at "rival" (commercial) radio stations, and producers of video shows, the questions are always sidestepped and the answers full of bullshit: not enough copies pressed (who said more couldn't be done?), no-one will like it, don't play in the suburbs, are *from* the western suburbs — the crap goes on and on. The long and short of it is that they refuse point blank to deal with independent music. . . and if anyone can tell me why, I'll show you a commercial radio station that doesn't play indie music for a reason, however fucked.

Finally, the overriding theme in Toby Creswell's letter is that independent music and the theories that apply to it can only be one hypothesis with no variations whatsoever. Like politics, right or left, many people subsribe to different ideals of independent music, and although some of us tend towards the purist, others are marking time, and others are formulating their own ways of being in control of their own destinies, artistically and financially. That Toby found only four people on the panel at the Indie Expo who he, in his infinite wisdom and second hand knowledge considered crooks, shysters and deadshits is a minor miracle, because I, in my infinite wisdom and second hand knowledge, found many more than four. But I rest easy in my little bunk at night knowing that if it was a major record company seminar I was attending, there would be hardly any chance of seeing someone who wouldn't rob his mother's grave.

The idea of independents and independence means different things to different people, and as long as there are people around who care about their particular way of being independent (with honesty and integrity!), then all is not lost.

Yours,
VIRGINIA MONCRIEFF (on behalf of herself, not JJJ)

J.W. — HOW COULD YOU!

"Grubblesnutch" — is this guy for real? Wow, what a fuckwit.

I've read this column of bullshit for some months, and it's hard to believe someone exists with such a name. Does this scuz ever talk about anything other than making money? (We'd love a short poem or story next issue, Grubby).

His last paragraph on page 4 of #227 finally provoked me into writing this letter.

What a revolting suggestion that Midnight Oil sign with some fucking company. If they needed money they'd have done it a long time ago.

P.S. Thanks for "Thoroughly Pissed Off's" letter in the same issue. Never a truer word spoken.

"Whacko!"
Palm Beach, NSW.

Lissen, Wackoff: it was a good idea, just like I'm a good idea (I bet Midnight Oil wish they'd thought of me), and you're a turkey. — J. WALLACE GRUBBLESNUTCH

APTLY STYLED DRIBBLE

Dribble, dribble, dribble dept. . .

Well bugger me. I finally heard a copy of the Birthday Party's *Release The Bats*, and I must say I'm real impressed, especially all that bat/sex/bat/horror/bat/bite stuff, it just knocked me sideways. More impressive though was OMD's *The More I See You* — when are we gonna see New Order doing *Tenterfield Saddler*? (How about the Birthday Party doing *I Still Call Australia Home???????????*)

Bye Bye,
Dooch.

ADELAIDE ABSENCES

Thanx for the special double issue — best Chrissy reading I've had in ages! Only one disappointment — your Adelaide correspondent Tim Smith obviously hasn't read a gig guide or an Adelaide daily paper for the whole of 1983. He mentions some bands that 99 out of 100 local punters would never even have heard of, let alone seen, and totally neglects to mention some of the biggest success stories of Adelaide's year.

One example — Invisible Mendez — one year old, pulling great crowds, scored record contract with WEA to record an album in Adelaide. It was big enough to score page 3 of the local daily the *Advertiser*, but not worthy of mention in your Adelaide survey!

Still, I enjoyed the double issue heaps — read you in 1984!

Yours,
A. Mendez Fan!!

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Thank you for the fitting farewell you gave Cold Chisel in January's RAM. I'm sure there were many red faces at *Juke* as you highlighted the class gap between the two magazines (*Juke* only produced a few small, poor photographs, fourteen scrawled paragraphs that said nothing and had little else to show but a photocopy of their management's telex). You gave Cold Chisel the honour they have worked to desrve.
to deserve.

With thanks,
Anna Daniel. Qld.

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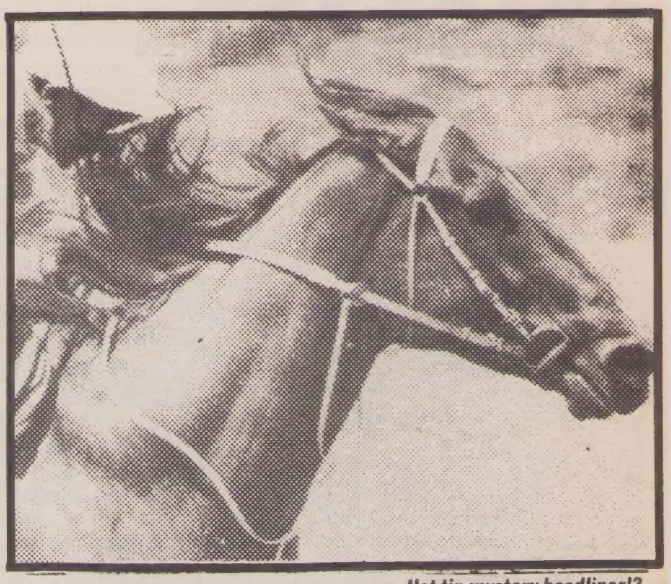
PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE

Pic: SL/LFI)

THUNDER DOWN UNDER?

Usually unreliable sources report that the flagging Pakistani cricket team has telexed for yet more replacements. Despite their unfamiliarity with the game ("Cricket — is that the game with the dice?"), ZZ TOP have risen to the desperate cry for "Someone hard and fast and used to playing under lights", and should be here any day.



Hot tip mystery headliner!?

NARARA — Late Scratchings

Vet. reports CHOIRBOYS' lead singer MARK GABLE may have to be put down unless throat problems can be sorted out — punters can expect a two-month spell.

DRAGON's owners have had to withdraw the veteran stayer in order to complete album work before departing overseas to appear in the marathon London Mixdown Hurdles.

And the committee (in the form of the Musicians' Union) have been called in to investigate a complaint from short-priced favorites, the DIVINYLS. Trainer VINCE LOVE-GROVE alleges interference from Pretenders in the Telex Negotiation Handicap — "They ran us right off the track; they couldn't stand to see another female jockey in the same race" — while the Narara camp protest no knowledge of the incident.

But the emergencies should prove popular with punters, as they include top sprinters, INXS, and well-spoken-for Japanese filly, SANDII & THE SUNSETZ. Full race card, course conditions and form on pages 15-18.

R.I.P. THE DROWNED BEACH BOY

The often tempestuous career of Dennis Wilson ended on January 4, when the Beach Boys' drummer drowned in the waters of LA's Marina del Rey.

His death followed an all-day drinking session on board a yacht owned by millionaire Bill Oster. Later, wearing a diving mask, Wilson plunged into the icy sea, diving for various objects. When after a time he failed to re-emerge, Oster called the harbour patrol who eventually located the drummer's body in shallow water, only 30 feet from the yacht.

Dennis Wilson, who celebrated his 39th birthday last month, was the Beach Boy who first suggested that the group record a surfing song. In 1971 he broke into movies appearing alongside James Taylor and Warren Oates in the much-acclaimed *Two Lane Blacktop*, while six years later he became the first Beach Boy to record a solo album, titled, in true surfing fashion, *Pacific Ocean Blue*.

There was, however, a darker side to Wilson. It was he who became infatuated with murderer Charles Manson and invited Manson's family to stay at his Sunset Boulevard house in 1968. Then, during the recording of the *Surf's Up* album in '71, he put his hand through a plate glass window following a drinking bout, his life being saved by his wife Barbara, who quickly fashioned a tourniquet to stem the flow of blood. The injury was such that Wilson was forced to quit the Beach Boys for a period. Ricky Fataar, now an Oz resident, was drafted to take his place.

He returned to the group sometime later but experienced various problems, some marital — Wilson was married three times — and some caused by drink and drugs.

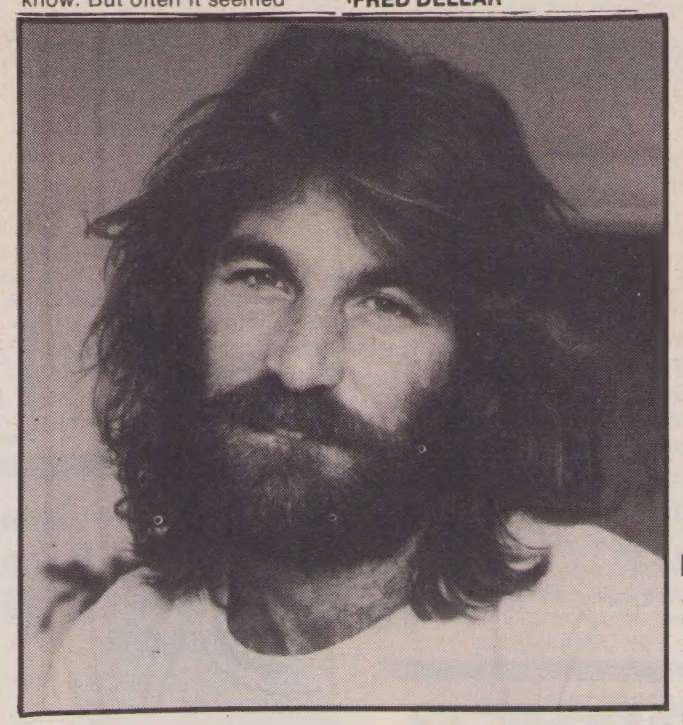
In January, 1982, he was beaten into unconsciousness by Mike Love's brother Stanley, because, claimed Stanley: "I wanted to prevent him from providing cocaine and other dangerous drugs to my first cousin, Brian Wilson, to whom I am as close as a brother."

More recently, Wilson failed to appear at an LA concert following yet another drinking bout, while the group as a whole were banned from Washington's July 4 celebrations when the US interior secretary dubbed them: "unwholesome".

Now Dennis Wilson's gone, his death occuring in the very waters that once inspired him to become part of rock music history. Whether he had knowledge of his impending doom we'll probably never know. But often it seemed that way. Once he said: "Fear is nothing but awareness. I was only frightened as a child because I didn't understand fear. It all came from within."

Now, Dennis Wilson fears no more.

FRED DELLAR



(Pic: Michael Putland/LFI)

WHO WERE YOU?

AS if we didn't suspect it'd happen... **Pete Townshend** has finally euthanased the **Who** after over a year's speculation. The rumours began in earnest following the band's American tour of 1982, when Townshend good as said it was to be their last. He now insists the final nail was driven by him in his failure to "compose any material that satisfied the other members", and further states "there will be no new recordings and no farewell shows anywhere in the world", according to an English music weekly. We Won't Get Fooled Again, Again?

Johanna Pigott (alias Scribble), late of XL Capris and Sardine V, has a solo mini-album out this week to follow up the release of her *Silly Girl* single late last year. *(See feature next issue).* New recording is already under way, with the sessions to be finished off in London next month to coincide with a visit from her producer/collaborator Todd Hunter, who will just happen to be in London town to mix the new Dragon album.

TOURS TOURS TOURS

ROBERT PLANT kicks off in Sydney on January 22. HALL & OATES make their third visit in as many years early in February. DR. FEELGOOD also return that month.

And the POLICE are reported to have cancelled other Far Eastern dates to fit in two concerts in Oz: Sydney Showground on Friday, March 2, and a to-be-announced Melbourne venue on March 4. These are widely believed to be the last live shows the Police will do for at least two years.

Daryl Hall & John Oates (Pic: RPN/LFI)

"DIDJA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT ELVIS AND THE SAFETY PIN...?
The survivors of the legendary 'Million Dollar Quartet' Sun sessions — JOHNNY CASH, CARL PERKINS and JERRY LEE LEWIS — met up backstage recently for a few Cokes and laffs about old times.

(Pic: RPN/LFI)

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE

CRASS ART II

BERYL MADDOX catches the Sydney sprouting of Anarchist Punk art.

The backblocks of Redfern don't give much relief. Empty ghost shops falling down round greasy chicken legs and dusty rumbfewheels. Henderson Road's Art Unit is a far cry from the cozy lanes of the Paddington gallery scene. . .

This is the second Sydney exhibition staged by CRASS. CRASS the band and CRASS the artists and CRASS the anarchists are difficult to separate, and I'm not going to attempt it. They've a manifesto you can buy for 50 cents; it's idealistic, energetic and a long way from cynic town.

The exhibition is wild and crazy, angry and gentle but you can't stay smug in the face of it. The more heavily political work originates from London and is stirring stuff. Anti-war, anti-establishment, anti-system, walk out and be free. There were these guys sitting on the grass having a laughing/joking/serious issues conversation, every man and his coloured dog.

These folk use some pretty nasty visuals to get their message across. Slaughterhouse tactics for "Capitalism Is Cannibalism", and the anti-vivisection posters are not recommended after greasies. If you spend a bit of time and check out the fine print (a lot of the exhibits are lyric sheets from bands like Rudimentary Peni, Poison Girls, Rubella Ballet and UK Decay), then more is explained.

CRASS point out to us in fine, passionate graphics (and not so fine listenables) wot they're on abart, tackling a few of our cultural illnesses, shaking some action here and there, and throwing in a touch of humour. Funny though, they use a Roger Daltrey caricature grotesque on "State Control and Rock and Roll", then vow they 'won't get fooled again. . .'

The exhibition runs until Saturday 21st January at Art Unit, 84 Henderson Road, Alexandria.

Madness keyboard player **Mike Barson** is retiring from the band and the music biz, and intends to settle permanently in Amsterdam. Though often overshadowed by the trademark extroverts in the rest of Madness, his presence is likely to be keenly missed; someone's got to take care of the actual music . . . Meanwhile the Nutty Boys have a new single and album out next month, and will be doing their bit to dislocate the Iron Curtain with several appearances on Polish television this month.

David Bowie returned to Oz for the festive season; sighted here and there about town with old mate **Iggy Pop.**

"After five hard years on the road — enough, already," say Sydney's **Lonelyhearts,** who play their farewell gig at the Stardust Hotel, Cabramatta on Saturday, February 10. Memorial T-shirts and singles will be given away to the faithful.

Thoroughly sated punters poured out of the second **INXS/Sandii & the Sunsetz** concert at Sydney's Regent Theatre last week to be confronted by a 2MMM-FM 'personality' harassing random victims for their opinions of the show. After one particularly expansive gush of superlatives, the 'personality' twigged he'd just pointed his microphone at one **Chris Murphy,** INXS' manager . . .

Sydney's leading inner city venue, the **Tivoli,** cutting back from six nights a week to Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Apparently the gap between revenue and the financial guarantees demanded by bands has grown too great.

Beneath THE BOTTOM LINE

THERE'S one or two eternal truths in journalism. For one thing, facts shouldn't get in the way of a good story. Secondly, people believe things in print that they'd laugh at in a pub.

I've been the butt of some fairly nasty press myself. I've been accused of everything from foreclosing on orphanages to playing both sides in the Falklands War. I don't mind, 'cos I can use the notoriety and there's always a few bob to be made in libel actions, so it gets on my goat to see the whole scam of gutter journalism being cheapened and degraded.

Take this new rag *Star Enquirer*. Bah hambug! Not so loosely modelled on the USA's *National Enquirer,* this has to be one of Kerry Packer's least inspired publishing ventures, and for one reason only. It doesn't *deliver.*

Let's have a look at some sample headlines. Page 14 shocks us with "Show Hiccups Depress Steve Liebmann". Page 30's "Mystery of the Boomerang" doesn't quite reach the heights of page 45's "Fish Invade Earth!", which assures us that "fish are slowly becoming land animals . . . they will completely abandon water within the next 50 years". What's the problem? It's not that they're stupid, petty and outrageous. The problem is that they aren't stupid, petty and outrageous *enough.*

Who needs cover shots of "*Country Practice* Newly-Weds" when the country is screaming for stories like "Hawke Fondles Donkey In Poolside Romp!",. or "Allan Seale Sows Wild Oats In Palace Garden Party Frolic!"? *Star Enquirer*'s photo of a cat on page 16 is supposed to be remarkable because it has "floppy ears", a sure sign that it comes from "a strange breed". Shee-it! Why isn't the cat being kicked by a prominent politician? Why isn't it on fire? Why not both? Why aren't they *both* on fire? I want to be able to see it, to hear it, I want to be able to *smell* it and *taste* it!

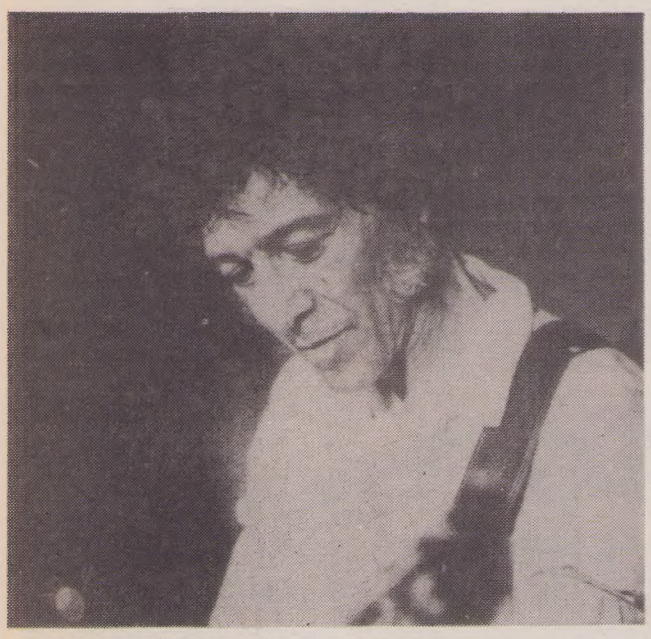
But I can't . . .

There's no mileage, and no future, in a scandal sheet with no scandal. I don't care if Billy Joel's got a new girlfriend, and I don't give a damn if it's tough having sextuplets. The *Sydney Morning Herald* had a real, live flogging pic on page one yesterday. They've got Holmes a Court's balance sheet on page 15.

They've got *meat,* and I want my paper to be somewhere between a hamburger and an orgasm.

J. WALLACE GRUBBLESNUTCH

R.I.P. ALEXIS KORNER



Alexis Korner (55), the founding father of British r'n'b, died of New Year's Day, following a short illness.

A member of Chris Barber's Jazz Band in the '50s, Korner's obsession with blues music resulted in him quitting to team up with harmonica man Cyril Davies. Together, they opened the pioneering London Blues & Barrelhouse Club in the mid-'50s. When Barber became smitten with Chicago blues, he rehired Korner (and Davies) to provide a finale to his live shows.

In 1961, Korner and Davies left to form Blues Incorporated, one of the first ever white electric blues bands and, on March 17, 1962 opened the legendary Ealing R&B Club. It was here that Mick Jagger and Keith Richards first met Charlie Watts (Inc's drummer) and Brian Jones —who occasionally guested.

The club also attracted the likes of aspiring singers Paul Jones, Long John Baldry, Eric Burdon and Art Wood — all of whom got to work with the Korner aggregation. Other regulars included Dick Taylor and Eric Clapton whilst, in those formative days, such embryonic instrumentalists as Jack Bruce, Graham Bond, Ginger Baker, Dick Heckstall-Smith, John Surman and John McLaughlin served invaluable time.

Jagger (then a regular 'extra' attraction with Korner) officially instigated the Rolling Stones when a band was needed to 'dep' for Blues Incorporated (who were broadcasting) at the Marquee Club's regular weekly r'n'b sessions.

Although Alexis Korner never put himself out to make commercial recordings — thereby missing out on the lucrative success grabbed by his students — he continued to work steadily over the years putting together various combinations that included Robert Plant, Marsha Hunt, Peter Thorup, Colin Hodgkinson plus members of both Free and King Crimson.

ROY CARR

Cabramatta To Canada: One Joe & His Demo

Whatsa guy gotta do to get a record deal in this town when he's already No. 1 on a Toronto station? Plenty of hustling according to JOE GUIDO, 23, whose demo tape of *I Have No Words* provoked big listener response on CFCH 600 (Ontario), but (so far) no interest from record companies in Australia or America.

Joe, a 23-year-old draughtsman (and graduate of Cabramatta High, Jon English and Mario Millo's alma mater) wrote the number with younger brother Gianvani and took the tape on a vacation to Canada. Taking a chance on the current North American interest in Oz music, he visited CFCH — and sure enough, the station agreed to give it an airing.

"Everyone says it reminds them of Air Supply," admits Joe, just seconds before *we* said "Cor blimey, this don't 'alf sound like Air Supply in a foggy garage" — "But I can play any style."

Just as well. If the bottom has fallen out of the soft-schlock pop market, a guy's gonna have to be *really* adaptable these days.

H.M. Encyclopedia Covers Oz (Sort Of)

Members of past and present Australasian bands such as Madder Lake, Midnight Oil, Skyhooks, Dragon, Hush and Wendy & the Rocketts may be amused to learn of their inclusion in the latest headbangers' bible, *The International Encyclopaedia Of Hard Rock & Heavy Metal,* published last year in the UK. Co-authored by Brit. HM radio personage Tony Jasper and occasional *Melody Maker* scribe Derek Oliver, it constitutes pretty sketchy (and often hilariously inaccurate) reportage in an A to Z format, especially where Oz contenders are concerned. . .

Take Dragon, who actually rate two entries — as an Australian band, and an apparently separate New Zealand entity. The Oz version is described as a "very soft AOR blando outfit who occasionally beef up the tunes with some amped-up chording"; Paul Hewson is named as the bass player, and Todd Hunter doesn't even get a mention. The NZ model (no lineup listed, natch) is immortalised as a "stylish AOR outfit who broke up and re-formed". That much at least may well be true.

Midnight Oil are described as "an Australian band with a sound similar to Angel City (Angels), but with new wave influences. They have a psychotic singer who looks and moves like something out of a horror film." We're sure Garrett would be flattered indeed.

Skyhooks, featuring bassist 'Greg Macintosh', are "good lovable HM with a sense of humour — look at the drummer's name" (listed here as 'Freddie Kaboodleschnitzer').

In fact, a well-developed sense of humour would have to be a reader prerequisite.

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE

You Take The High Road And I'll. . . Emigrate!

No, it's not the Eurythmics holding up their favorite drag queen. It's DAVE STEWART and ANNIE LENNOX at a farewell party many moons ago for their old colleague JIM TOOMEY, who at a late stage in the evening was dared into donning wig and makeup.

Jim was the drummer with the Tourists when they made their ill-fated tour of Australia a few years back; the band broke up here, but Jim liked the place, and while Dave and Annie spent the next two years plotting chart domination, he started organising a permanent return visit.

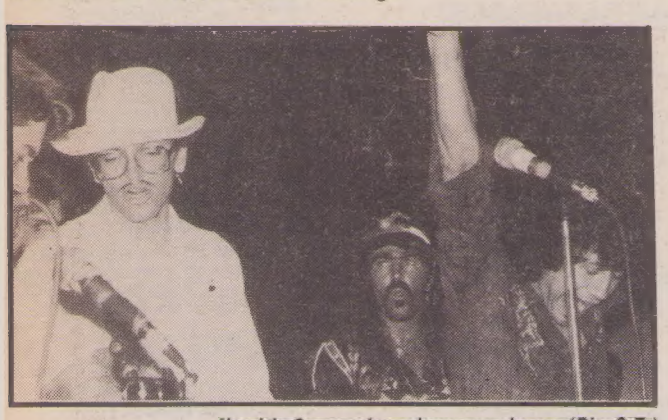
"Once a Tourist, now a resident," he quips. He's been filling in time for the first few months playing with the UK Misfits, and now feels ready to get amongst some real Australian bands. If you're looking for an extremely exprienced drummer, this is his address — c/o P.O. Box 339, Paddington 2021 — and this is what he *really* looks like. . .

KIWI NIGHT — Hendrix Headband Moves On

It takes glittering cultural extravaganzas like 'The Third Annual Kiwi Night' to bring home the full extent of the trans-Tasman influence on Australian art, manners and society.

This year the event moved out of the Puha Room into the luxurious Tivoli, and was a highlight of the pre-Christmas drinking season. The capacity audience of emigres and Australian guests thrilled to the authentic musical talent, ranging from the lusciously sweet KUMARAS, the more-or-less throbbing WETAS, matinee idols I AM JOE's MUSIC, and the magnificently soulful VULGAR BEATMEN (still inexplicably without a multi-million dollar record contract). The carpet was drenched with nostalgic tears as Master Of Ceremonies NEVILLE 'On The Level' PURVIS produced genuine imported exotic delicacies like Wattie's Baked Beans and Whitaker's Peanut Slabs.

Highlights of the evening included the Talent Quest, judged by MARC HUNTER and an unidentified flying RAM editor, and the world-famous Hendrix Memorial Guitar Solo Contest. The competition — to recreate 16 bars from the repertoire of New Zealand's musical god — was fiercely fought. Last year's winner, JOHNNY BATCHELOR of the Dropbears, was on hand to pass on the sacred Hendrix Headband to this year's extraordinary winner: Master PAUL MAAKE, late of Hastings.



Hendrix Comp. winner hears good news (Pic: G.T.)

This scam is the BLUES BROTHERS REVIVAL BAND, currently dragging the John Belushi/Dan Aykroyd memory round Sydney and Melbourne traps. Led by Canadian Larry Cook (left suit), whose references include Steve Miller, Boz Scaggs, Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield, the BBRB plunder Sydney from January 18-22, then lurch into Melbourne for a five-day stint (Jan 24-29) before returning to do it again to Sydney in the first week of February. An affectionate look back? Sure, if there's a buck in it. . .

SPIKES — Ex-Dagoes Get Sharp

Killing off Adelaide impolitico band the Dagoes a while back wasn't easy, but Al Grassby and The Assassins got it together in the end.

Grassby, then something to do with the Commission For Community Relations, had some sort of objection to the name, while severely aggrieved Dagoes **Ian List** and **Doug Thomas** resurrected to form the Assassins. The murderous two-piece lasted out just one single, with the, er, controversial title of *Assassination (Kill The Prime Minister).* That was February '83, and it seems the tune had the required effect less than a month later. . .

After a short and illustrious career *(Assassination* shifted over 700 copies!!), the duo gave 'emselves the bullet, grabbed drummer **Greg Swanborough** from Safety In Numbers, recalled another ex-Dago (James Tizard) and fitted **THE SPIKES** together. Since mid-'83, the sharp'n'nasty four-piece has knocked up "some 20 select gigs, perfecting our unique style of psychedelic rock'n'roll, without the cliched use of synthesisers or hip haircuts".

A single (*She's Melting/Theme From Acid Beach*) released last month on Greasy Pop Records has since clawed its way to No. 6 on the indy charts, a showing solid enough to lure the Spikes to Sydney for a series of live shows: get stuck at the Maroubra Seals on Sat. 21st (with Hoodoo Gurus) or the following Monday at the Strawberry Hills. There's also the possibility of an appearance at the Tivoli on Fri. 20th.

If you're confined to your iron lung, look out for the *She's Melting* video, directed by Spikes' drummer Greg and featuring a sculpted block of pastry margarine in the title role, which dissolves on cue (with the aid of an off-camera blowtorch).

In between staving off major record companies (there's a possible deal in the works), future Spikes' plans include an album "recorded live on a four-track" and this week's *Return To Acid Beach* tour of Sydney. Flash forward, young psyches!

TAB FOURWAY

Mondo Rock's new single conspicuously absent from the playlist of 2SM. Seems that the substantial Catholic investment in the station finds the poignant tale of young virgins on the beach too suggestive . . .

Mi-Sex keyboardist **Murray Burns** facing four charges of importing and possessing smoking gear in Tasmania.

Sydney's **Kinselas** has embarked on two months of 'Potluck Cabaret' from 11 pm till 3 am, Thursday to Saturday. On any night you might catch some (but not all) from a list of performers which includes **Los Trios Ringbarkus, Maree Cunnington, Lance Curtis, Fifi Lamour & David De Most, Jeff St John, Lamont Cranston, Jan Adele** and **Uncle Tom Cobbley & All . . .**

Sydney r'n'b combo **Stupidity** now "almost as big as the Allniters", i.e. they've added a three-piece horn section and another guitarist which brings the roll call up to nine. Frontman **Gary Hosie** claims the new sound is "sort of Zoot Money meets the Saints", and if that sounds intriguing you can catch their first official gig at the Mosman Hotel on January 21.

If the prospect of Narara looms too large in your consciousness, try the **Australia Day Pool Party Rock Concert** instead! For just two bucks, you can get wet and test your underwater dance steps with **Electric Pandas** and **Nightcrews** at the Blacktown Pool, Boyd St, Blacktown on Saturday, January 28. The event may be dry (no alcohol permitted), but the fun is wet — presented by the Blacktown City Council Youth Development Committee and the Australian Rock Company. Gates open 7 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE PRINT

Putting out an independent magazine or fanzine (and the distinction between the two is a fine one) may not be as glamorous as it was several years ago in the heyday of post-punk literary output. But there are still a number of people intent on getting their thoughts in print. Not merely the flexing of some king-size ego (although this surely has a little to do with it), these people try to give some exposure to things that, because of various reasons, do not get any significant coverage in the existing media.

There used to be some glamour attached to putting out a 'zine dedicated to your favourite artists or sub-culture. Now, it's just hard work. It seems people are generally more into 'fashion' and 'style', and fanzines that do find their way into bookstores, boutiques and record shops can often be found in a pile on the floor, while something like *The Face* takes pride of place up on the counter.

The following is a sample of recent offerings in the field, all of which deserve credit for existing . . .

ISSUE 1 (P.O. Box 41, Aberdeen St, Perth 6000); A large format mag looking a little like *The Face* crossed with *Fast Forward.* Includes two vacant pages on Orange Juice, an interview with Umbert Eco, lots of Dreamflesh artwork, a provocative piece on cassette technology and a useful directory for other magazines. One issue so far.

DISTANT VIOLINS (Latest issue, No. 7 — 1 Scott St, Hawthorn, Vic 3122): Seems to be the most prolific 'zine in Australia at present. Written with style by David Nicholls, No. 7 has a special booklet on the Particles, also pieces on the Church, Plays With Marionettes and the Triffids. Losts of humorous graphics.

TROUSERS IN ACTION (Latest No.4 — c/- Phantom Records, 375 Pitt St, Sydney, NSW 2000): Sydney punk 'zine; features a Box Of Fish interview, loads of live reviews (plus records). It may seem strange to some to have a punk 'zine describing the music in the film *The Decline Of Western Civilization* as being "forgettable, hardcore thrash". Last page has an important piece on the death of "Macca" back in April '83.

48 CRASH (c/- FAV, 16 York Ave., Five Dock, NSW 2046): Still a good read, with lots of the features you may have come to expect — Hoodoo Gurus, the Cramps, Ron Asheton (Stooges/MC5/Birdman Part 97 . . .), JFK, plus reviews and news.

THE LIVIN' END (Issue 1 —P.O. Box 1005, Geelong, Vic 3220) and **READY STEADY** (Issue 5 — 136 Provincial Rd, Lindfield, NSW 2070); These two mags both deal in varying degrees with Aussie rock history. An area ripe for plundering. *Livin' End* has a long interview with Tony Barber plus Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs in 1964, the Groop, plus lots of reprints from '60s issues of magazines. Glenn A. Baker bought a copy immediately when I showed it to him, so it *must* be good. *Ready Steady* aims more at record collectors and has more extensive coverage of '60s overseas artists and their impact on Australia (and New Zealand).

DNA (latest issue seen, No. 31 — Harry Butler, c/- The Record Factory, 6 Rundle Arcade, Adelaide, SA 5000): Harry has been the most consistent chronicler of punk/new wave artists in Australia. No rock 'n' roll "literature" collection would be complete without a shelf of Harry's offerings.

Although often far too concerned with Adelaide in-fighting, much of the reading is often comical — especially the details of some of HB's attempts at running gigs. (See also sister publication *Wombat Turd.)* Is HB his real name? — hey, are you kidding?

A FACE IN THE CROWD

Cassette magazine *Fast Forward* faded away in a blaze of colour during 1982, with the partnership of Andrew Maine and Bruce Milne splitting down the middle.

Milne is keeping himself busy with his Au Go Go record label, plus time spent record retailing (Greville Records, Melbourne) and airing his radio show (3RRR, Monday evenings).

Andrew Maine — together with *Fast Forward* designer Michael Trudgeon —marshalled resources (and finances, including a grant) and mounted production of a magazine called *CROWD.* The first issue (and the only one so far) is available for a hefty $6.95. Part of the price tag is the cost of a cassette which comes with the mag, but this will be abandoned in future issues — which should get the price down. The cassette is hardly rivetting stuff — lots of uninspired music, and a whole side of 'Fashion Radio'. Devised by Robert Pearce, Fashion Radio works well on air, but repeated listenings of things like "Is Melbourne the Hairdo Capital of the World?" are beginning to pall.

The magazine itself is a graphic assault on the senses; articles include Basia Bonkowski and Michael Hyman interviews, clubbing in Melbourne, computer graphics, Fassbinder's *Querelle* and more. (Write: *CROWD,* GPO Box 2487V, Melbourne 3001). **J M.**

RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

OS TOURS

TALKING HEADS AND PRETENDERS
Feb. 28: Narara.
Feb. 30, 31: Entertainment Centre — Melbourne.

SIMPLE MINDS AND EURYTHMICS
Feb. 27: Narara.
Feb. 28, 29: Entertainment Centre — Melbourne.

ROBERT PLANT
Jan. 22: Sydney Entertainment Centre.
Jan. 24: Melbourne Entertainment Centre.
Jan. 26: Auckland — Mt Smart Centre.
Jan. 28: Perth Entertainment Centre.
Jan. 31: Adeliade Apollo Stadium.
Feb: 3: Sydney Entertainment Centre.
Feb. 4: Canberra Sports Centre.
Feb. 6: Melbourne Entertainment Centre.
Feb. 11: Brisbane Festival Hall.

HALL AND OATES
Feb. 3: Civic Theatre — Newcastle.
Feb. 4: Entertainment Centre — Sydney.
Feb. 5: Entertainment Centre — Melbourne.

ELTON JOHN
Feb. 28, 29: Entertainment Centre — Melbourne.
Mar. 1-3: Entertainment Centre — Melbourne.
Mar. 6, 7: Entertainment Centre — Perth.
Mar. 9: Memorial Drive — Adelaide.
Mar. 12-14: Festival Hall — Brisbane.
Mar. 16-22: Entertainment Centre — Sydney.

MOODY BLUES
Feb. 9: Entertainment Centre — Perth.
Feb. 12: Memorial Drive — Adelaide.
Feb. 21: Entertainment — Melbourne.
Feb. 25: Festival Hall — Brisbane.
Feb. 29: Entertainment Centre — Sydney.

KENNY ROGERS:
Mar. 13: Entertainment Centre — Perth.
Mar. 17: Memorial Drive — Adelaide.
Mar. 21: Entertainment Centre — Melbourne.
Mar. 25: Festival Hall — Brisbane.
Mar. 29: Entertainment Centre — Sydney.

POLICE
Mar. 2: Showgrounds — Sydney.
Mar. 4: Melbourne — (T.B.A.).

NSW

ALCAN ZEPHYR
Jan. 20: Molly Mook Golf Club.
Jan. 21: Pearly Shells Hotel.
Jan. 25: Marlin Hotel.
Jan. 26: Shellharbour Inn.
Jan. 28: Namatjira Hotel.

ALLEY BOYZ
Jan. 20: Fraternity Bowling Club.
Jan. 27: Jolly Roger Nite Club.

ALLNITERS
Jan. 21: Brandon Park (W'Gong).

ARMS AND LEGS
Jan. 20: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 22: Avalon Beach RSL.
Jan. 28: Manzil Room.

AVION
Jan. 20: Mittagong RSL.
Jan. 21: Doyalson RSL.
Jan. 25: Illawarra Yacht Club.
Jan. 27: Bankstown Sports Club.
Jan. 28: Corrimal Leagues Club.
Jan. 29: Chevron Hotel.

AUSSIE MAYO
Jan. 24: Collegians.
Jan. 27: Collegians (early).
Jan. 27: Fraternity Club (late.

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
Jan. 20: Cronulla Workers.
Jan. 21: Brandon Park (W'Gong).
Jan. 22: Bruce Stadium (ACT).
Jan. 24: Young Ex Services.

BEATNIX
Jan. 20: Royal Antler.
Jan. 21: Selinas.
Jan. 26: Stallions.
Jan. 28: Family Inn.
Feb. 2: Stallions.

BEL-AIRES
Jan. 20: Players.
Jan. 21: Sheilas.
Jan. 31: Epping Hotel.

THE BENT ELBOWS
Jan. 21: Racecourse Hotel.

BIG RED TRACTOR
Jan. 25: Strawberry Hills Hotel.

BIRDS OF PREY
Jan. 24: War And Peace.
Jan. 28: Union Hotel.
Jan. 29: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 31: War And Peace.

BLUES BROS REVIVAL
Jan. 20: Caves Beach Hotel.
Jan. 21: Corrimal Leagues.
Jan. 22: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 31: Didi's.
Feb. 2: New York Tavern.

BOBBY SOX
Jan. 20: Commercial Hotel.
Jan. 21: Lennox Head Bowling Club.
Jan. 22: Lobster Pot.
Jan. 24: Byron Bay Ex Services.
Jan. 26: Sth Rocks Surf Club.
Jan. 28: Cresent Head Bowling Club.

BOSS
Jan. 20: Bayview Tavern.
Jan. 21: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 26: Namatjira Hotel.
Jan. 27: Tourmaline Hotel.
Jan. 28: Selinas.

BRENTON ROBERTS BAND
Jan. 20: Bondi Hotel.
Jan. 21: Selinas.
Jan. 22: Bruce Stadium — ACT.
Jan. 24: Albury S.S.T.A. Club.
Jan. 27: Stardust Hotel.
Feb. 2: Union Hotel.

BUSHWACKERS
Jan. 20: Taree RSL.
Jan. 21: Palais.
Jan. 24: Bluegum Hotel.
Jan. 25: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 26: Southern Cross Club.
Jan. 27: Blacktown RSL.
Jan. 28: West Tamworth Leagues.

CHAMPIONS
Jan. 27: Mona Vale Hotel.

CHRIS BAILEY
Jan. 21: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 26: Leichhardt Hotel.
Jan. 28: Trade Union Club.

THE COCKROACHES
Jan. 21: Family Inn.
Jan. 22: Balmain Leagues.
Jan. 26: War And Peace.

CRYSTAL SETS
Jan. 20: Harold Park Hotel.
Jan. 27: Harold Park Hotel.
Jan. 29: Balmain Leagues.

CUCKOOS
Jan. 20: Manzil Room.

THE CYCLONES
Jan. 20: Greengate Hotel.
Jan. 21: Narwee Hotel.
Jan. 26: Castle Inn.
Jan. 27: Greengate Hotel.
Jan. 28: Narwee Hotel.

CYRIL B BUNTER
Jan. 27: Tathra Hotel.
Jan. 28: Tathra Hotel.
Jan. 29: Canberra Royals Football Club — ACT.

DEAR ENEMY
Jan. 20: Governors Pleasure.
Jan. 21: Cardiff Workers.
Jan. 22: Parkway Hotel.

DEBUTANTES
Jan. 20: Governors Pleasure.
Jan. 21: Marboura Seals Club.

DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD
Jan. 29: Narara.

DEE MINOR AND DISCHORDS
Jan. 26: War And Peace.
Jan. 27: Bayview Tavern.
Jan. 28: Mona Vale Hotel.
Jan. 29: Caringbah Inn.

DIVISION FOUR
Jan. 28: Mosman Hotel.

DOUG PARKINSON
Feb. 1: Sheilas.

DROP BEARS
Jan. 21: Sydney Cove Tavern.
Jan. 26: San Miguel Inn.
Jan. 29: Narara.

THE D.T.'S
Jan. 25: Mosman Hotel.

DYNAMIC DUO
Jan. 20: Narrabeen RSL.
Jan. 21: Grand Hotel.
Jan. 22: Narwee Hotel.
Jan. 26: Trains Bistro.
Jan. 27: Narrabeen RSL.

DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
Jan. 20: Australian National University — ACT.
Jan. 21: Merimbula RSL.
Jan. 24: New York Tavern.
Jan. 25: Florida Hotel.
Jan. 26: Cabbage Tree Hotel.
Jan. 27: Blacktown Soccer Club.
Jan. 28: Chevron Hotel.

EAST END
Jan. 20: Berkley Sprots Club.
Jan. 21: Canterbury — Bankstown Leagues.
Jan. 26: Adams Apple.

ELECTRIC PANDAS
Jan. 20: Mosman Hotel.
Jan. 21: Royals Football Club — ACT.
Jan. 25: Adams Apple.
Jan. 28: Blacktown Swimming Pool.
Jan. 29: Avalon Beach Hotel.

EUROGLIDERS
Jan. 20: Blacktown RSL.
Jan. 21: Sydney Cove Tavern.
Jan. 22: St George Budapest Club.
Jan. 26: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 27: Narara.
Jan. 28: Canberra Workers — ACT.
Jan. 29: Merimbula RSL.

FALLING SPIKES
Jan. 21: Marboura Seals Club.

FANDANGO
Jan. 20: Caves Beach Hotel.
Jan. 28: Cardiff Workers.

FAULTLINE
Jan. 24: Epping Hotel.
Jan. 25: Miranda Businessmens Club.
Jan 26: Florida Hotel.
Jan 27: Greenfields Tavern.
Jan. 28: Catalina Country Club.
Jan. 29: Catalina Country Club.
Jan. 31: Selinas.
Feb. 2: Bayview Tavern

FICTION ROMANCE
Jan. 25: Bluegum Hotel.
Jan. 27: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 28 Skiff Club.

FLASHBACK
Jan. 20: Narwee Hotel.
Jan. 27: Wiley Park Hotel.
Jan. 29 Canterbury Leagues.

FOREVER 15
Jan. 20: Campbelltown Leagues.
Jan. 21: Family Inn.
Jan. 22: Balmain Leagues.
Jan. 26: War And Peace.
Jan. 27: Brighton Hotel.
Jan. 28: Chevron Hotel.
Jan. 29: Avalon Beach Hotel.

FORTY FLOORS UP
Jan. 22: Cecil Hotel.

GAME KEEPERS
Jan. 21: Sydney Cove Tavern.

THE GANGSTERS
Jan. 25: Lavington Sports Club.
Jan 27: Cootamundra Country Club.
Jan 28: Tumut RSL.
Jan. 29: Cootamundra Country Club.

GENERATION:
Jan. 20: Royal Antler.
Jan. 22: Dr Redbirds.
Jan. 29: Dr Redbirds.

GOLDRUSH
Jan. 24: St James Tavern.
Jan. 26: West Tamworth Leagues.
Jan. 27: Imperial Hotel.
Jan. 28: West Tamworth Leagues.
Jan. 29: Auburn Baseball Club.

GROOVE YARD
Jan. 26: Mosman Hotel.

GUM BATS
Feb. 1: Mosman Hotel.

HARRY YOUNG BAND
Jan. 21: Beattie Street

HEAD ON
Jan. 28: Selinas.

HISTORY OF THE CHAIR
Jan. 26: Pitts — Lismore Hotel.

HONEYMOON
Jan. 20: Collegians Club.
Jan. 21: Manail Room.
Jan. 22: St George Sailing Club.
Jan. 27: Bondi Hotel.

HOODOO GURUS
Jan. 20: Bankstown Sports Club.
Jan. 21: Maroubra Seals.
Jan. 22: Narrabeen Beach.
Jan. 25: Greenfields Tavern.
Jan. 26: San Miguel Inn.
Jan. 27: Campbelltown Leagues.
Feb. 2: Australian National University — ACT.

HOODWINK
Jan. 21: Ballina RSL.

HOWLING COMMANDOS
Jan. 20: Manly Hotel.
Jan. 26: Middle Harbour.
Jan. 28: Musicians Club.
Feb. 2: Mosman Hotel.

HUNGRY YOUNG MEN
Jan. 20: Casino RSM.
Jan. 21: Lismore Italo Club.
Jan. 25: Commercial Tavern.
Jan. 26: Lobster Pot.
Jan. 27: Lismore Workers.
Jan. 28: Bangalow Bowling Club.
Jan. 29: Lismore Workers.

THE HURT
Jan. 21: Blacktown RSL.
Jan. 22: Auburn Baseball Club.
Jan. 25: Illawarra Yacht Club.
Jan. 27: Bayview Tavern.

IDOL MINDS
Jan. 29: St George Budapest Club.

INTROVERTS
Jan. 27: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 28: Mosman Hotel.

INXS
Jan. 26: Dapto Leagues.
Jan. 27: Dapto Leagues.

IVORY COAST
Jan. 20: Carmens.
Jan. 23: Domino's.
Jan. 26: Shanneys.
Jan. 27: Didi's.
Jan. 28: War And Peace.
Jan. 29: Lithgow Workers.
Feb. 2: Shanneys.

THE JOHNNYS
Jan. 21: Royal Antler Hotel.
Jan. 27: Manly Hotel.

JOHN PAUL YOUNG
Jan. 20: Greenfields Tavern.
Jan. 22: Bruce Stadium — ACT.
Jan. 26: Riverwood Hotel.
Jan. 27: Collegians Club.
Jan. 28: Cardiff Workers.

KEVIN BORICH
Jan. 21: Caringbah Inn.

KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
Jan. 20: Manzil Room.
Jan. 21: San Miguel Inn.
Jan. 22: Avalon Beach RSL.

TREVOR KNIGHT
Jan. 21: Great Northern Hotel.
Jan. 23: Mitchell C.A.E.
Jan. 24: Golden Sheaf.
Jan. 27: Pennant Hills Inn.
Jan. 28: Great Northern Hotel.
Jan. 31: Golden Sheaf.
Feb. 1: Greengate Hotel.
Feb. 2: Pennant Hills Inn.

LA BOUCHE
Jan. 20: Dr Redbirds.
Jan. 25: Union Hotel.
Jan. 27: Dr Redbirds.

THE LEFT OVERS
Feb. 1: Mosman Hotel.

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS
Jan. 20: Trade Union Club.

LIGHTNING ROCK
Jan. 20: Jolly Frog.
Jan. 25: Greygums Hotel.
Jan. 26: Namatjira Hotel.
Jan. 28: Selinas.

LITTLE HEROES
Jan. 22: Bruce Stadium — ACT.
Jan. 26: St James Tavern.
Jan. 27: Royals Football Club — ACT.

LITTLE RIVER BAND
Jan. 20: Revesby Workers.
Jan. 21: Central Coast Leagues.
Jan. 22: Penrith Leagues.
Jan. 23: Auburn Baseball Club.
Jan. 25: Twin Towns.
Jan. 26-28: Twin Towns.
Jan. 31 Ballina RSL.
Feb. 1: Pt Macquarie RSL.
Feb. 2: Cessnock Supporters Club.

LIVING DAYLIGHTS
Jan. 24: New York Tavern.

MACHINATIONS
Jan. 29: Marboura Beach.

MAD GORILLA
Jan. 20: Stardust Hotel.
Jan. 21: Blacktown Soccer Club.
Jan. 27: Riverina Rules Club.
Jan. 28: Batemans Bay.
Feb. 1: Dee Why Hotel.

MAD ROOM
Jan. 26: Skiff Club.

THE MAGNETICS
Jan. 20: Australian Hotel.
Jan. 21: Tathra Hotel.
Jan. 22: Tathra Hotel.
Jan. 26: Sawdust Hotel.
Jan. 27: Collegians Club.
Jan. 28: Oxford Hotel.

MARK LEES ONE WAY TICKET
Jan. 21: Cat And Fiddle Hotel.

MARSHALL HARRIS
Jan. 21: Strata Motor Inn.
Jan. 25: Narwee Hotel.

MATT FINISH
Jan. 20: Merimbula RSL.
Jan. 25: St George Sailing Club.
Jan. 28: Narara.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING
Jan. 25: Lismore Workers
Jan. 26: Pt Macquarie RSL.
Jan. 27: Taree RSL.
Jan. 28: Narara.

MIRRORED IMAGE
Jan. 20: Campbelltown Leagues.
Jan. 22: Illawarra Builders Club.
Jan. 23: Shielas.
Jan. 26: Maryong Hotel.
Jan. 27: Namatjira Hotel.

MI SEX
Jan. 20: Lismore Workers.
Jan. 21: Ballina RSL.
Jan. 22: Scotts Head.
Jan. 23: Bangalow Bowling Club.

MODELS
Jan. 22: Bruce Stadium — ACT.
Jan. 26: Ingelburn RSL.
Jan. 27: Cronulla Workers.
Jan. 28: Narara.
Jan. 29: Maroubra Seals Club.
Feb. 1: Sheilas.

MONDO ROCK
Jan. 20: Scotts Head Bowling Club.
Jan. 21: Sawtell RSL.
Jan. 22: Sawtell RSL.
Jan. 23: Pt Macquarie RSL.
Jan. 25: Taree RSL.
Jan. 27: Narara.
Jan. 28: Port Kembla Leagues.

MOTHER GOOSE
Feb. 1: Wagga Rules Club.

MOVING PARTS
Jan. 28: Skiff Club.

MOVING PICTURES
Jan. 21: Brandon Park (W'gong).
Jan. 24: Yoogali Club.
Jan. 25: Riverina Rules Club.
Feb. 1: Dapto Leagues.
Feb. 2: San Miguel Inn.

MRX
Jan. 20: Mosman Hotel.

MUSTARD CLUB
Jan. 25: Piccadilly Hotel.
Jan. 27: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 28: Trade Union Club.

NEVER NEVER
Jan. 28: Sheilas.

OL'55
Jan. 20: Helensburg Workers.
Jan. 21: Union Hotel.
Jan. 22: Chester Hill RSL.
Jan. 25: Katoomba Golf Club.
Jan. 27: Mittagong RSL.

ONE WORD
Jan. 20: Cronulla Workers.
Jan. 21: San Miguel Inn.
Jan. 26: St James Tavern.
Jan. 27: Family Hotel.

PARTY GIRLS
Jan. 20: Royals Football Club — ACT.
Jan. 25: Caves Beach Hotel.
Jan. 26: Union Hotel.
Jan. 27: Narara.
Jan. 28: Governors Pleasure.
Jan. 29: Parkway Hotel.
Feb. 1: Illawarra Yacht Club.

PASSION
Jan. 20: Lithgow Workers Club.
Jan. 27: Tofs.
Jan. 28: Beattie Street.

PATRICK MCMAHON
Jan. 20: Market Square Tavern.
Jan. 21: New York Tavern.
Jan. 23: Stallions.
Jan. 28: Hawkesbury Sports Club.

POP OFF TO GRANNYS
Jan. 21: Lismore Hotel.
Feb. 1: Lismore Hotel.

POWER
Jan. 23: Didi's.
Jan. 25: Players.
Jan. 26: Scandals.
Jan. 30: Didi's.
Jan. 31: Stallions.
Feb. 1: Players.
Feb. 2: Scandals.

QED
Jan. 20: Revesby Workers.
Jan. 23: Auburn Baseball Club.
Jan. 27: Campbelltown Leagues.
Jan. 29: Marboura Seals Club.
Feb. 2: Miguel Inn.

QV'S
Jan. 20: Greenfield Tavern.
Jan. 29: Penrith Leagues.

THE RADIATORS
Jan. 20: Balmain Leagues.
Jan. 21: Blacktown RSL.
Jan. 22: Auburn Baseball Club

RADIO THERAPY
Jan. 20: Brighton Hotel.
Jan. 27: Austral Bowling Club.
Jan. 28: Molly Mook Bowling Club.
Jan. 29: Molly Mook Bowling Club

RAMS
Jan. 20: Dee Why Hotel.
Jan. 25: Beattie Street.

RENEE GEYER
Jan. 23: Shielas.

RIGBY
Jan. 21: Royals Football Club — ACT.

ROSE TATTOO
Jan. 20: Mittagong RSL.
Jan. 21: Doyalson RSL.
Jan. 27: Bankstown Sports Club.
Jan. 28: Corrimal Leagues.
Jan. 29: Chevron Hotel.

RUPERT B
Jan 20: Sydney Cove Tavern.

RHYTHM CATS
Jan. 20: Cootamundra Country Club.

THE SAINTS
Jan. 20: Blue Gum Hotel.

SANDII AND THE SUNSETS
Jan. 26: Dapto Leagues.
Jan. 27: Dapto Leagues.

SCARABUS
Jan. 26: Rozelle Hotel.
Jan. 27: Forest Inn.
Feb. 2: Rozelle Hotel.

SCATTERED ACES
Jan. 20: Tweed Heads Hotel.
Jan. 21, 22, 23: Tweed Heads Hotel.
Jan. 28: Carmens.
Jan. 29: Illawarra Yacht Club.
Jan. 30: St George Country Club.

SEA MONSTERS
Jan. 22: Stranded.

SEKRET SEKRET
Jan. 26: Mosman Hotel.

SHEER NEGLECT
Jan. 20: Namatjira Hotel.
Feb. 1: Illawarra Yacht Club.
Feb. 2: Maryong Hotel.

SILENT TYPES
Jan. 22: St George Budapest Club.
Jan. 23: Kings Head Tavern.

JUDY SMALL
Jan. 22: Sydney Town Hall.

SNAKE
Jan. 20: Tofs.
Jan. 21: Manly Hotel.
Jan. 27: Ambassodors — Nth Sydney

THE SNORKELS
Jan. 25: Mosman Hotel.

SOFT TOYS
Jan. 24: War And Peace.

STEVIE WRIGHT
Jan. 22: Greenfields Tavern.

STRANGE HEAT
Jan. 20: Austral Bowling Club.
Jan. 25: Park Beach Hotel.
Jan. 26: Greygums Hotel.

STRANGE TENANTS
Jan. 23: Lobster Pot.
Jan. 24: Grand Pacific.
Jan. 27: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 28: Trade Union.
Jan. 29: Narara.

SUNNY BOYS
Jan. 20: Wyong Leagues.
Jan. 21: Brandon Park (W'gong).
Jan. 22: St George Sailing Club.
Jan. 26: Goulburn Workers Club.
Jan. 27: Family Hotel.
Jan. 28: Chevron Hotel.

SWANEE
Jan. 24: Didi's.
Jan. 25: Dapto Leagues.
Jan. 26: New York Tavern.
Jan. 27: Balmain Leagues.
Jan. 28: Macquarie Pool — ACT.
Jan. 29: Canberra Workers — ACT.

TABLEWAITERS
Jan. 21: Governors Pleasure.

TED MULRY GANG
Jan. 20: Swansea Workers.
Jan. 21: Ambassador Nite Club.
Jan. 27: Cessnock Supporters Club.
Jan. 28: Penrith Leagues Club.
Jan. 29: Chester Hill RSL.

THE TEUTONICS
Jan. 20: The Termanus.
Jan. 25: Frenchs.
Jan. 26: The Racecourse Hotel.
Jan. 27: The Termanus.

THRILLING NIGHTS
Jan. 20: Cronulla Workers.
Jan. 21: Enfield Boulevarde.
Jan. 23: Didi's.
Jan. 24: Stallions.
Jan. 25: Sheilas.
Jan. 26: New York Tavern.

TOTAL FIRE BAND
Jan. 21: Jolly Rogers

TRENCH GASHES
Jan. 27: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 28: Skiff Club.

TWO BOB WATCH
Jan. 20: Tathra Hotel.
Jan. 26: Bondi Hotel.
Jan. 28: Bowral Country Club.

UNCANNY X MEN
Jan. 20: Jolly Roger.
Jan. 21: Brandon Park (W'gong).

UNIT 17
Jan. 21: Macquarie Uni.
Jan. 22: Macquarie Uni.
Jan. 25: Termanus Hotel.

UTER CHAOS
Jan. 21: Namatjira Hotel.

VICE SQUAD
Jan. 21: Tourmaline Hotel.
Jan. 27: Beattie Street.

VULGAR BEATMEN
Jan. 20: Palais.
Jan. 22: Caringbah Inn.
Jan. 31: Ballina RSL.
Feb. 1: Bondi Hotel.
Feb. 2: Bondi Hotel.

WATUSI NOW
Jan. 20: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 27: Trade Union Club.
Jan. 28: Skiff Club.

WET TAXIS
Feb. 2: Mosman Hotel.

WOLF GANG
Jan. 23: Strawberry Hills Hotel.
Jan. 24: Manzil Room.
Jan. 27: Vulcan Hotel.
Jan. 30: Strawberry Hills Hotel.

ZARSOFF BROS.
Jan. 26: Davistown RSL.
Jan. 27: Helensburg Workers.
Jan. 28: Ambassador.
Jan. 29: Auburn Baseball Club.
Feb. 1: Greenfields Tavern.
Feb. 2: New York Tavern.

ZEE-TOONS
Jan. 26: Dee Why Hotel.

VIC

AIRPLAY
Jan. 27: Royal Hotel.
Jan. 28: Billboard.
Feb. 2: Bensons Hotel.

AUSSIE NEIGHBORS
Jan. 21: De Marco's Hotel.
Jan. 27: Main Hotel.
Jan. 28: Astradome.
Feb. 2: Royal Hotel.

BEARGARDEN
Jan. 21: Venetian Room.

BEGGERMANS THIEF
Jan. 21: Isle Of Wight, Cowes.

BI VOCAL
Jan. 28: De Marco's Hotel.

BLISS BOMBS
Jan. 25: Central Coast Hotel.

BRAVE MEN
Jan. 20: Centre Club.
Jan. 21: Manhattan Hotel.
Jan. 26: The Venbiue.
Jan. 26: Billboard.
Jan. 27: Bendigo Showgrounds.
Jan. 28: Westside Nite Spot.
Jan. 29: Prospect Hill Hotel.

BRENT PARLANE
Jan. 20: St Andrews Hotel.
Jan. 21: Stones Tavern.
Jan. 23: Portsea Hotel.
Jan. 24: Portsea Hotel.
Jan. 28: Royal Hotel.
Jan. 31: Lincolnshire Arms.
Feb. 1: Boundary Hotel.

BRODERICK SMITH BIG COMBO
Jan. 27: Central Club Hotel.

CAPTAIN SPAULDING
Jan. 22: Moonee Ponds Tavern.
Jan. 29: Moonee Ponds Tavern.

CHAIN
Jan. 20: Ritchies.
Jan. 22: Pier Hotel.

CHANGING NAMES
Jan. 21: Prospect Hill Hotel.

DROP BEARS
Jan. 20: Central Club Hotel.

DUTCH TILDERS
Jan. 20: Portsea Hotel.
Jan. 25: Portsea Hotel.
Jan. 26: Portsea Hotel.

THE GANGSTERS
Jan. 20: Billboard.
Jan. 21: Beaumaris Hotel.
Jan. 22: Sorrento Sailing Club.
Jan. 26: Sherbourne Hotel.
Jan. 31: De Marco's Hotel.
Feb. 1: Croydon Hotel.
Feb. 2: North Melbourne Football Club.

GIMIX
Jan. 20: Royal Hotel.
Jan. 21: Billboard.
Jan. 25: Croydon Hotel.
Jan. 26: Bensons Hotel.
Jan. 27: De Marco's Hotel.
Jan. 28: Beaumaris Hotel.
Jan. 29: Croydon Hotel.
Feb. 1: Bensons Hotel.
Feb. 2: De Marco's Hotel.

JENNIFER LEE BAND
Jan. 20: Oasis Hotel.
Jan. 21: The Venue.
Jan. 22: Pier Hotel.
Jan. 24: Central Club Hotel.
Jan. 31: Central Club Hotel.

JOYCE BROS
Jan. 20: Ritchies.
Jan. 21: The Venue.

KID GLOVES
Jan. 20: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 21: Village Green Hotel.

LEE WALKER BAND
Jan. 20: Main Hotel.
Jan. 25: Bensons Hotel.
Jan. 26: De Marco's Hotel.
Jan. 27: Beaumaris Hotel.
Feb. 1: De Marco's Hotel.
Feb. 2: Beaumaris Hotel.

LIQUID ENGINEERS
Jan. 20: The Venue.
Jan. 21: Caledonian Hotel.
Jan. 24: The Venue.
Jan. 25: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 26: Dorset Gardens Hotel.

LITTLE HEROES
Jan. 20: Macy's Hotel.
Jan. 21: Goulburn Valley Hotel.

LOOSE TALK
Jan. 20: Ferntree Gully Hotel.
Jan. 26: Central Club Hotel.
Feb. 2: Central Club Hotel.

MADDER LAKE
Jan. 20: Pier Hotel.
Jan. 21: Pacific Hotel.
Jan. 22: Macy's Hotel.

METRO JETS
Jan. 20: Central Club Hotel.
Jan. 21: Village Green Hotel.

MIKE RUDDS LIVING LEGENDS
Jan. 26: Moonee Ponds Tavern.

MIXING DRINKS
Jan. 25: Central Club Hotel.

MODELS
Jan. 20: Central Club Hotel.
Jan. 21: Village Green Hotel.
Jan. 22: Macy's Hotel.

MOTHER GOOSE
Jan. 20: The Venue.
Jan. 21: Westside Nite Spot.
Jan. 22: Rosebud Hotel.
Jan. 24: Welshpool Hotel.
Jan. 26: Astradome.

MOVING PICTURES
Jan. 26: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 27: Ritchies Nite Spot.
Jan. 28: Westside Nite Spot.
Jan. 29: Ocean Grove Hotel.

NEWS AT SIX
Jan. 20: Goulburn Valley Hotel.
Jan. 21: Goulburn Valley Hotel.
Jan. 22: Sorrento Sailing Club.

NO NONSENSE
Jan. 20: Moonee Ponds Tavern.
Jan. 21: Armadale Hotel.
Jan. 27: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 28: Village Green Hotel.
Jan. 29: Pacific Hotel.

PAUL McKAY SOUND
Jan. 21: Moonee Ponds Tavern.
Jan. 28: Moonee Ponds Tavern.

PETE BEST BEATLES
Jan. 28: Central Club Hotel.

PHANTOM BAND
Jan. 20: Eureka Hotel.

PR
Jan. 20: Isle of Wight.
Jan. 21: Dorset Gardens.

THE RACKET
Jan. 21: Armadale Hotel.

REAL LIFE
Jan. 24: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 25: Grainstore Tavern.
Jan. 26: Dorset Gardens.

REDS
Jan. 20: The Venue.
Jan. 21: Westside Nite Spot.

ROCK STEADY
Jan. 20: Beaumaris Hotel.
Jan. 21: Invaders Disco.
Jan. 22: Portsea Hotel.

RUSSELL MORRIS BAND
Jan. 20: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 21: Billboard.
Jan. 22: Provincial Hotel.

SOLE TWISTERS
Jan. 20: Billboard.
Jan. 21: Provincial Hotel.
Jan. 22: Pacific Hotel.
Jan. 25: Village Green Hotel.
Jan. 27: Royal Hotel.
Jan. 28: Caledonian Hotel.
Feb. 2: Moonee Ponds Tavern.

SPANIARDS
Jan. 20: Armadale Hotel.
Jan. 21: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 27: Grain Store Tavern.
Jan. 28: Prospect Hill Hotel (early).
Jan. 28: The Venue (late).

STORMY MONDAY
Jan. 22: Eureka Hotel.
Jan. 23: Billboard.
Jan. 24: Pier Hotel.

SURVIVAL
Jan. 20: De Marco's Hotel.
Jan. 21: Sherbourne Hotel.
Jan. 22: Bensons Hotel.
Jan. 30: Billboard.

SUZIE DICKINSON AND CISCO KIDS
Jan. 26: Spurs, Moorabbin.
Jan. 28: Spurs, Moorabbin.

TAILOR MADE
Jan. 20: Village Green Hotel.
Jan. 21: Royal Hotel.

TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
Jan. 20: Welshpool Hotel.
Jan. 21: Station Hotel.
Jan. 26: Pier Hotel.

TONY CATZ BAND
Jan. 20: Pier Hotel.
Jan. 21: Westernport Hotel.

TRUE BROTHERS
Jan. 21: Macy's Hotel.
Jan. 26: Prospect Hill Hotel.
Jan. 27: Ritchies Hotel.
Jan. 28: Macy's Hotel.

THE TURKEYS
Jan. 25: Rosebud RSL Club.
Jan. 26: Beaumaris Hotel.
Jan. 28: Ritchies.
Jan. 29: Bensons.
Jan. 30: Ritchies.

UTOPIA
Jan. 24: De Marco's Hotel.

VICKY O'KEEFE
Jan. 20: Shepparton.
Jan. 21: Albion Hotel.
Jan. 22: Regal Cinema.
Jan. 25: Astradome.
Jan. 26: North Melbourne Football Club.
Jan. 27: Moonee Ponds Tavern.
Jan. 28: The Venue.
Jan. 29: Deniliquin Golf Club.

QLD

LITTLE RIVER BAND
Jan. 29: Mansfield Tavern.

MACHINATIONS
Jan. 20: Jet Club.
Jan. 21: Hacienda.
Jan. 22: East Leagues Club.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING
Jan. 23: Jet Club.

PARTY BOYS
Jan. 26: Bombay Rock.
Jan. 27: Ceasers Palace.
Jan. 28: Thompsons Hotel.
Jan. 29: Jet Club.

PROPHECY
Feb. 1: Mansfield Tavern.
Feb. 2: Mansfield Tavern.

UNCANNY X MEN
Jan. 24: Royal Mail.
Jan. 25: Bombay Rock.
Jan. 26: Mansfield Tavern.

VULGAR BEATMEN
Jan. 26: Mansfield Tavern.
Jan. 27, 28, 29: Mansfield Tavern.

S.A.

AUSSIE MAYO
Jan. 20: Westlands Hotel.
Jan. 21: Westlands Hotel.
Jan. 22: Westlands Hotel.

LEE WALKER BAND
Jan. 28: Barn Palais.

PARTY BOYS
Jan. 31: Findon Hotel.
Feb. 1: Bridge Way Hotel.

REAL LIFE
Jan. 20: Sth Mt Gambier Football Club.
Jan. 21: Bridge Way Hotel.
Jan. 22: Glenelg Beach (early).
Jan. 22: Findon Hotel (late).

STORMY MONDAY
Jan. 21: Barn Palais.

SURVIVAL
Feb. 1: Bay Disco.
Feb. 2: Sth Adelaide Football Club.

THE TURKEYS
Jan. 20: Somerset Hotel.

ZARSOFF BROS
Jan. 20: Bridge Way Hotel.
Jan. 21: Findon Hotel.
Jan. 22: Bay Disco.

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DATES REQUIRED	COPY DEADLINE
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30 march — 12 April	23 March
13 April — 26 April	6 April
27 April — 10 May	20 April
11 May — 24 May	4 May
25 May — 7 June	18 May
8 June — 21 June	1 June
22 June — 5 July	15 June
6 July — 19 July	29 June
20 July — 2 Aug	13 July
3 Aug — 16 Aug	27 July
17 Aug — 30 Aug	10 Aug
31 Aug — 13 Sept	24 Aug
14 Sept — 27 Sept	7 Sept
28 Sept — 11 Oct	21 Sept
12 Oct — 25 Oct	5 Oct
26 Oct — 8 Nov	19 Oct
9 Nov — 22 Nov	2 Nov
23 Nov — 6 Dec	16 Nov
7 Dec — 20 Dec	30 Nov
21 Dec — 3 Jan	14 Dec

CLARENCE CLEMONS
Life Beyond E Street

The missing link in Brooooce's life?

I HAVE a memory of Clarence Clemons that'll probably last as long as I live. There was a night in Paris a couple of years ago. I was jet-lagged and in row ten, Clarence was sweating and onstage with Springsteen and the E Street Band midway through *The River* tour. Into the second half of the show and what seemed like 4,998 French people and two Australians are going berserk. Dreams of the greatest rock'n'roll show in the world are one thing, but this is real and I'm there.

The band swing into a familiar riff and Bruce and the Big Man stare each other out from opposite sides of the stage. The band moves aside. Slowly the guitarist and saxophonist approach each other. The band starts playing. The music swells. They get closer *and* closer and CLOSER. They kiss each other on the lips, swing around, Clarence blows his horn and Bruce is screaming something about *Rosalita*.

Contrived, melodramatic, and shatteringly exciting. (*Like Coupe's copy? — Ed.*)

Each member of the E Street Band was a star, but along with the cooler than cool itself Miami Steve Van Zandt, Clarence stood out as a personality. I met him after the gig and believe me, he's like a REAL BIG DUDE. He didn't sound like he felt like talking. I didn't push the matter. I'm smart.

Since that tour Springsteen has decided to do more than talk about Woody Guthrie and record *Nebraska*, his "Dust Bowl Ballad" investigation of the modern American psyche.

For the E Street Band, there's been no touring, and not a great deal of recording. Understandably the chaps have probably been bored shitless, a situation that has fuelled the desire to embark on solo projects. Miami Steve formed the Disciples Of Soul and now Clarence has started recording and performing with his band the Red Bank Rockers, a tight little r'n'b combo.

Clarence's first album with the Rockers is called *Rescue* and it's not a half bad platter. The Big Man doesn't sing on it, wrote three of the toons, and had the good sense to get someone besides Broooce to do the production.

A few weeks after *Rescue* hits the record stores, the mandatory telephone interviews are organised. . . and late one night I find myself trying to pry words and information out of Mr Clemons. He doesn't sound much more talkative than he was in Paris. . . you know, the music says everything, *maaann*.

Clarence does warm up when asked about John "J.T." Bowen, the vocalist with the Red Bank Rockers. He and J.T. have known each other for over 22 years.

"We've shared a dream since we were in college together," Clarence says.

JT hasn't appeared on any other records with the exception of a cameo on one of Gary U.S. Bonds' albums.

The idea of the Red Bank Rockers grew from Clarence's club, the Red Bank which, surprise surprise, is situated in New Jersey. "I bought the club a few years back," Clarence says. "Then I called up all the guys I knew and asked them if they wanted to play. This was the New Year's Eve of 1981, and the band grew from there."

Prior to the band's formation, good old J.T. had been working as the doorman at the Red Bank.

As far as Clarence is concerned, his outing with the Rockers is virtually the only recording he's done in his career except for playing on Springsteen's records.

"The only thing I did before I started with Bruce was a 45 when I was in college," he says. "The first recording I did with Bruce was on *Spirit In The Night*."

According to Clarence, there was a good initial response to *Rescue* except that most radio stations didn't want to know.

"There's a resistance from radio stations to r'n'b," Clarence says, "but that's something I don't fully understand, because r'n'b is the roots of rock'n'roll."

Clarence reckons his favourite sax players are Boots Randolph, King Curtis, and Junior Walker, who's his all-time favourite.

"I like John Coltrane's playing but I'm not really a jazz fanatic," Clarence admits. "I like the raw abandoned energy of rock'n'roll."

A natural enough question was about Clarence's meeting the 'Great White Hope' of American music.

"I was playing in this band called Joyful Noise, a New Jersey bar band, and this girl introduced me to Bruce," Clarence says. "We realised we were the missing part in each other's lives, and that spark still burns."

I stifle a laugh. He sounds like he means it.

Bruce gave Clarence one song for his album, a ditty called *Savin' Up*. Clarence also tried this hand at writing songs, something he hadn't done before.

"I'm very pleased with them because they make me feel good, and that's the purpose of rock'n'roll," Clarence says.

As far as future plans are concerned, Clarence is uncertain. He's been touring with the Red Bank Rockers and has no idea when the E Street Band will go back on the road. When the Boss calls, they'll come a runnin'.

"I'm recently married and very happy," Clarence says. "That's given me the strength to do what I'm doing now.

"I'm trying to find some time to take a break and do some fishing.

"I'd like to spend time meditating and talking to God, and get some direction for my life."

One can only assume he means getting his office to send a telex to Bruce to find out if the E Street Band is touring in 1984?

STUART COUPE

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN
The Texan Killer (From Blues To Bowie)

IN that skittish midnight fever so familiar to anyone who works to a deadline, three jaded RAM staffers were lurching around the fluorescent-lit office a few weeks back. On the turntable was an LP called *Texas Flood* by an obscure singer/guitarist, Stevie Ray Vaughan. The three journos were smiling, and it looked like they were dancing. It was not a pretty sight.

You may not be aware of it, but we've all been listening to Stevie Ray Vaughan for months now, on AM high rotation. That's his Stratocaster lurking like the ghost of Jimi Hendrix in the mix of Bowie's *Let's Dance*. It's a long way from *Ziggy Stardust* to *China Girl*, and Vaughan's own "God-given ass" does much to humanise the lofty perfection of Bowie's last offering, slicing through the icy confections with the heat and emotion that inform the playing of all the great blues guitarists.

Stevie Ray Vaughan plays and sings the blues. He's concerned more with passion than with fashion.' When Bowie approached him at the 1982 Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, Vaughan was aware of the fame of the Thin White Duke, but his music "wasn't something (Vaughan) normally listens to". For the *Let's Dance* sessions, Vaughan came straight from Austin, Texas, where he's been working small clubs and bars for ten years. That's where he was when I spoke to him, and to hear him talk, recording with a rock legend in New York was no big deal.

"I had a lot of fun. I learned a lot. All my stuff was overdubs, but that doesn't mean I played it note by note. I went in and did one or two takes on each cut. . . I played more or less the same as I've always played, but it was just over a different background."

Bowie's slow multitrack methods are worlds away from Vaughan's own approach to recording. He and his band Double Trouble (drummer Chris Layton and bassist Tommy Shannon) did *Texas Flood* in two days — virtually live, with no instrumental overdubs.

"We just set up in the studio like we do on stage, and played. I went in the next day and redid the vocals."

Born in Dallas 29 years ago, Stevie Ray Vaughan has been performing live for a little over half his life. He was 12 or 13 and playing bass in his brother Jimmy's band, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, when he first heard a tape by legendary Delta blues guitarist, Albert *Born Under A Bad Sign* King.

Since then the blues has been Vaughan's living and his life. Except for a couple of independent local 45s, *Texas Flood* is his first real recording, showing the results of years of gigging, and jamming with the blues greats whenever he could. Most of the songs are originals in the brash urban blues styles of people like Buddy Guy, B.B. King and T-Bone Walker. There's a homage to Chuck Berry's jump-shuffle guitar (*Love Struck Baby*) and a minor-key slow blues a la Bobby 'Blue' Bland (*Dirty Pool*), and it's all rendered with the virtuosity and raw velocity that Hendrix brought to rock guitar direct from the blues.

The inevitable mention of Hendrix elicits a resigned chuckle from Vaughan, and the quietly-spoken Texan comes close to cussing the only time throughout the interview.

"Damn! The reason I sound like him is because I *do* admire his playing so much. He gave us a whole lot, and if somebody didn't carry it on, we're all idiots."

Two tracks on the album are particularly reminiscent of Hendrix, and one of them — based on the George Clinton classic *Testify* — was directly inspired by Hendrix's rhythm guitar parts in the Isley Brothers' version. It's a steamrolling workout in that Texas funk style popularised by Johnny Winter, another noted Texan guitarist — in fact Stevie Ray's bass player did three albums with the long-haired albino back in the early seventies.

Lenny, written for his wife, is Vaughan's exploration of Hendrix's more lyrical style, a melodic instrumental that "expands on Hendrix's rhythm parts, his chording and everything".

Besides Hendrix, and of course the blues, Stevie Ray Vaughan listens to jazz — Django Reinhardt, Pharaoh Sanders, Groove Holmes and John Coltrane, among others. Predictably, he's not greatly impressed with the rock music of his own era.

"I like mainly older styles. There doesn't seem to be too much soul in a lot of the modern rock. More formula than feeling, you know?"

The last eighteen months have been big for Vaughan — a private audition requested by the Rolling Stones, Montreux, the album with Bowie, and a record contract with CBS through John Hammond, the man who signed such artists as Billie Holliday, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen. But aside from his own album, what he's most excited about is the opportunity to work with the man who was his earliest inspiration:

"I just got a call today from Albert King wantin' me to produce his next album. I guess I've been listening to him for 15 years, and I've known him for about ten. He's a great man, no doubt about it. Still playin' great at 62."

He's also played with Buddy Guy, whose song *Mary Had A Little Lamb* is one of the highlights on *Texas Flood*, but there's more than a little awe in his voice when he tells of meeting B.B. King:

"I got to sit in with him one night in Austin, and so far he's about the only one who really scared me so bad I couldn't hardly play. He sat on his amp and played rhythm for about four songs, and then stood up and played *one note!*"

Vaughan and Double Trouble are working on a new album, and are possibly bound for Australia around February or March. And if U.S. critical response is anything to go by, we can expect something of that traditional blues showmanship that marked the stage act of Jimi Hendrix.

"A lot of 'em (the early blues performers) played behind their head, behind their back, with their teeth and all that. I do those things along with playin'; the trick is to make sure it sounds the same when you do. They're just tricks, but they're fun to do and they excite people."

I asked Vaughan if he intends to go even further into the blues, or maybe build on that style in the way bands did in the sixties — the Stones, the Animals, the Yardbirds.

"I'm gonna take it both ways. I've no desire to quit playin' straight blues, but I also have ideas on how to change it a little bit. . . It's a big influence on my life, and it's gonna always be. There's so much in it, so much soul in it — I can't leave it alone."

CHRIS STAFFORD

(Sigh) "Guess it's that time in the show again."

KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
No Horrible Jeans, No Tacky T Shirts!

IT'S your single. Your first. The record company didn't want to release it because they didn't think the song was strong enough, and the band itself had reservations. You didn't expect much. Now here you are, having played professionally for less than a year, and your single is Top 10 nationally. It peaked at No. 2 in Melbourne, and stayed there three weeks.

You're Kids In The Kitchen. Signed to Mushroom's 'alternative' offshoot, the White Label ("They're very 'Ooh, what do we do? We've got this *big band* on our hands!'"), you're scheduled to record an album in February. Your follow-up single *Bitter Desire* was produced by New York's David Kershenbaum, of Joe Jackson/Graham Parker renown. Though you feel it's "a much better song, more mature" than the debut *Change In Mood*, the band can't actually play it live yet.

Kids In The Kitchen are self-taught musicians. Singer Scott Carne and guitarist/vocalist Greg Dorman met while still at school, through drama and media classes. Greg Woodhead joined on keyboards and Craig Harnath as bassist. Later, after the drum-machine proved inadequate, fill-in drummer Bruce Curnow was deemed to be improving so fast he might as well stay on as a permanent band member.

Having spent a year just playing for fun, they turned professional — picking up a manager after their first gig, a growing audience with each subsequent show, and a recording contract within months. What's so good about Kids In The Kitchen that fortune should beam on them so warmly?

"We usually have a great time," begins Scott, conscious of the fact that tonight they did not. (With the success of *Change In Mood* their drawing power has grown — *out*grown the capacity of the venue they'd been contracted to play. For some obscure reason they were required to set up down the opposite end from the dais that usually serves as a stage; consequently, the band was lower than the crowd, and not only was there a rope barricade but also a very steep stairwell dividing the kids from the Kids. The effect was something like a bear-pit at the zoo, with fence and trench between *us* and *them*.)

"When we're at a *nice* venue," Scott continues with vehemence, "we usually go overboard. That's what people like to see. They don't like any more decadent music; they like to have fun. And visuals are very important. People don't just want to listen to a record, they want to see something that's visually stimulating."

What they see at present, as the girls behind me were quick to comment, is a bassist who could double for Duran Duran's Taylor 1 (John) and a guitarist whose stage-moves are as cheerfully hyperactive as those of Duran's Taylor 2 (Andy). While the music isn't overly similar, it's in the same basic category of synth-inlaid, commercial 80s pop, and Kids In The Kitchen's market converges with that of the dear departed D.D.

"We get comparisons like that not because of what's in the music but because of what people see in the general image," says Scott, who has a square, earnest face and a manner to match. "The thing we've got in common, really, is that we like to dress up and put on a *performance* — not get up in horrible jeans and tacky T-shirts!"

Kids In The Kitchen have their own makeup artist, though they seem ambivalent about the painted faces. They can't apply kohl themselves, yet. They have a band photographer as well.

But talking of what's in the music, what *is?* Greg Dorman suggests that it's "rhythmical rock-funk", then changes his mind. Scott prefers the blanket-label "dance music". (As in "I mean, how *can* you get passion in full-on dance music?" — his defence to one critical comment.) Some of the new songs, however, he insists "are really different, though still in our own style..."

"It still has a Kids In The Kitchen flavour," nods Greg. "It has a moodiness about it which is what we *are*, I suppose."

What they 'are'? Nice boys, trying hard, and if they haven't quite got a handle on lyrics just yet, the instrumentation *is* comparatively creative (within commercial limits).

"We appeal to a general audience," Greg confirms. "The 3XY, 2SM kind of audience. People who are not 'scene'."

As they said in their first introductory remark... "One thing about us, at least we're not pretentious..."

ELLY McDONALD

Kids In The Kitchen — Bruce Curnow, Greg Woodhead, Craig Harnath, Scott Carne, Greg Dorman

EUROGLIDERS

The new single

"ANOTHER DAY IN THE BIG WORLD"

taken from the forthcoming album

"IT'S THE WAY"

Single BA 223132

TOUR DATES

JAN 18-24TH	SYDNEY & SOUTH COAST
JAN 25-30TH	MELBOURNE
FEB 1-12TH	SYDNEY

VIDEO MUSE

ANNIE BURTON and PHIL TRIPP on filmclips — their making, their meaning, their merits...

1984 is barely upon us and already there's a groundswell of "This is the Year Of" pronouncements. The mostly bemused consensus would have it as the Year Of The Frock. Or at least Cross-Dressing, if you count Annie Lennox's black lace-ups and business suits.

Dropping into drag has, of course, a long theatrical history with varying degrees of respectability attached. Pantomime's female Principal Boys and male Old Dames are this century's tradition; Peter Pan is always played by a woman, and you can't get much safer for kiddie consumption than that plucky little fairy. As seen in videos, the current crop of musical dragons may have set out to shock, but their effect so far is shaping up as remarkably harmless. Little kids love Boy George; a two-and-a-half year old I know was given a doll for Christmas and immediately christened it Baby George. (Her first favourite song was *Bop Girl;* if Pat Wilson dresses up in glittering dreadlocks and funny hats, she could really cash in on the under-five market.)

Boy George is basically benign. He floats through Culture Club's film clips with the smiling calm of a billowing dowager on her way to opening the world's biggest garden fete. *Karma Chameleon* simply provided a good opportunity for everyone to dress up and perpetrate an entirely irrelevant tale of riverboat gambling in old Louisiana. The colour quality is dominated by crude oranges and greens, and the outdoor locations afford an interesting examination of the Boy's makeup daylight conditions, although no shots of the trowels used in its application are provided. There has to be a face under there somewhere.

For there is definitely a highly functional brain under those do-rags he wears, complete with finely self-deprecating wit. The video of C.C.'s *Victims* is the pinkest, silliest, most extravagantly entertaining piece of outright trash yet to grace our little screens. Boy George dressed as a sort of nightmare top-hatted coachwoman in black sequins, gesturing tragically but delicately before a chocolate box pink stairway to heaven, each stair occupied by an angelic black mammy... Violins and french horns floating by, borne by bouquets of balloons out of the sticky dark... A trimly dressed hotel bellboy struggling manfully up the great pink staircase, bearing a giant striped and beribboned present, eventually depositing it at the feet of a golden haired lady at the summit, to reveal an even golder harp upon which she strums the song's final flourish...

This is the stuff good money should be spent on. A solid chuckie in the face of the imminent holocaust — not to mention the song's piously tragic lyrics.

That would seem to be the essence of Boy George's androgyny: it's so contradictory, so funny that it's sexless. For the post-'70s ME generation, lost in embarrassed solitude, it's another chance to join the US, the in-joke all that lone striving for meaningful perfection precluded. For kids, it's cuddly and non-threatening, *look at the funny lady* exotic, the sort of bright, shiny object bower birds are attracted to.

While there is a jollity to that sort of dress-ups, a product like Marilyn is not quite so engaging. Anything that cross-eyed with narcissism is ultimately boring unless it is

although having the genuine article appearing in another film clip with Tina Turner and so much more naturally blonde hair must be gallsome — but will it *last*, Cheryl?

Pouting and freeze-frame posing in ersatz fashion model style while mouthing a totally forgettable song is enough, apparently, to have a hit single in jaded old Britain; doubtless another sign of an Empire in gross decline. After one minute of video, the entire potential of *jeez, it's a bloke* has been expended, the use of strikingly plain backing singers to enhance Miz Marilyn becomes drearily obvious, and the general lack of humour lies panting on the Axminster gathering just enough energy for another primp. All that's left is to spot the lovely Marilyn on the arm of Dave Stewart in Eurythmics' *Who's That Girl?* clip.

Now, I admit to being particularly dense, but it took quite a few viewings to work out why Annie Lennox has that particular knowing, laughing expression in the final shot of that clip. Yes, through the wonders of modern film techniques, Annie Lennox is kissing herself. Boy, am I dumb! And as in-jokes go, it's a pretty good one: self-mocking, imaginative, comparatively intelligent, and slightly dangerous. As with all Eurythmics' clips, the only thing wrong with it is the basic awful weaseliness of Dave Stewart's looks, no matter how much grey hairspray is applied to his rabbity locks.

The Year of the Androgyne? I doubt it — try the Week.

Home Exercise for the fortnight, class: spot how many would-be hip local product videos feature chappies not only skeletally thin, but pigeon-toed. When you get beyond six (not counting the terminally tortured Dave Mason), you can start counting the imitation Simple Minds dance-and-microphone-dip techniques, of which there are many. Then you can enumerate the number of clips with the obligatory *From Here To Eternity* couple (one of each main sex) groping each other in the shallows of the surf scene. Tune in next issue for the answers.

ANNIE BURTON

Don't Blink! You'll Miss The Androgyne!

The Killing Of MUSIC VIDEO

REMEMBER the film *Network*? Remember Peter Finch urging his viewers to yell from their windows, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!" in reaction to the programming policies of his television network?

Well, Channel 10 in Sydney wouldn't allow John Torv or Glenn A. Baker to do the same, but on announcement that the *Music Video* programme was folding up its operation at the end of this month, hundreds of angered videophiles made their objections known, jamming the station switchboard with verbal. The operator on duty at that late hour noted that some people were crying, though many were "merely shocked". In all, nearly 1,000 calls were logged the weekend a bemused John Torv announced that the plug was being pulled on the popular and (almost) financially successful video music marathon.

According to sources within the station, Rupert Murdoch made the decision to axe all non prime-time in-house productions except *Good Morning Australia;* which put an end to Torv's projects (regrettably), *Beauty and The Beast* (thankfully!) and *Sports Week*. Murdoch made a

John Torv — still smiling bravely

outpost in Oz. (*And every cent counts when you're trying to take over Warners — Ed.*)

According to George Brown, general manager of Channel 10, there is a possibility that the programme could be re-instated. He felt that the programme wouldn't make money in light of the present economy and based on advertiser response, but said that all programming decision are reviewed quarterly and viewer response, if significant (translated — 'overwhelming') might prod them to some sort of action in re-introducing Music Video.

Torv is confident that the initial glut of calls would not recede and that as the final episodes are aired, more viewers will take the time to write or call to reverse the decision. He rejected the management argument that the programme was not profitable or had no hope of becoming an asset rather than a liability. Outlining the budget as $500,000 per annum, which breaks down to under $10,000 per weekend or $750 per hour, Torv points to the increase of ads from a low of 20% to an average of 75% of available time, with the holiday time slots sold out.

He said that the station management gave him no chance to offer an alternative, whether self-produced and sold to them or by cutting costs (already meagre by any broadcast standards). Torv is "astonished, but not bitter" at 10's move and feels "they've killed a winner. Look at what is happening in the US with MTV and the explosion of other video music channels and programmes, and in the UK with the introduction of a music channel on cable TV, and it's a big step backward for 10 to do this after pioneering late night music programming."

He offered a parallel by saying, "It's like buying a racing stable. If you discover you don't know how to run it and make money quickly, you put down your horses."

Well, it may be like flogging a dead horse, but there are two solutions to the problem. The most obvious would be a groundswell of public letters and calls to the station to convince them that an audience exists for video music, and not B-grade schlock flicks which will likely replace *Music Video* if the station has its way.

I suggest you address your legible, intelligent, and persuasive correspondence to George Brown, General Manager, Channel 10, P.O. Box 10, Lane Cove, NSW 2066 or you can call to chat at (02) 887-0222. Melbournites might note that just prior to the axing, the program was scheduled to run in your fair city too, so make your feelings known.

The other alternative is a bit more bold. While crying into his beer over *Music Video*'s demise, a record co. glitterato suggested to me that the record companies could get together, pool their clips, put their own programme together and pay a channel sufficient 'ad' money to broadcast it. A similar concept to MTV could be realised with further ads obtained from promoters of concerts, stereo equipment manufacturers and others that would possibly allow for late night programming all week instead of merely the weekend.

Either way, there is an obvious need for more video music, (otherwise the only line 'Tripp' will be sharing with 'Torv' will be at the CES!). But nothing will happen unless either the public or the record companies get up off it and do something. And there is certainly room for FM stations to simulcast in stereo and take part in the revolution of video music — it won't go away like they hope, it will only get bigger in spite of setbacks like the latest from Murdoch Media's Megabuck Management.

Seize the Time!

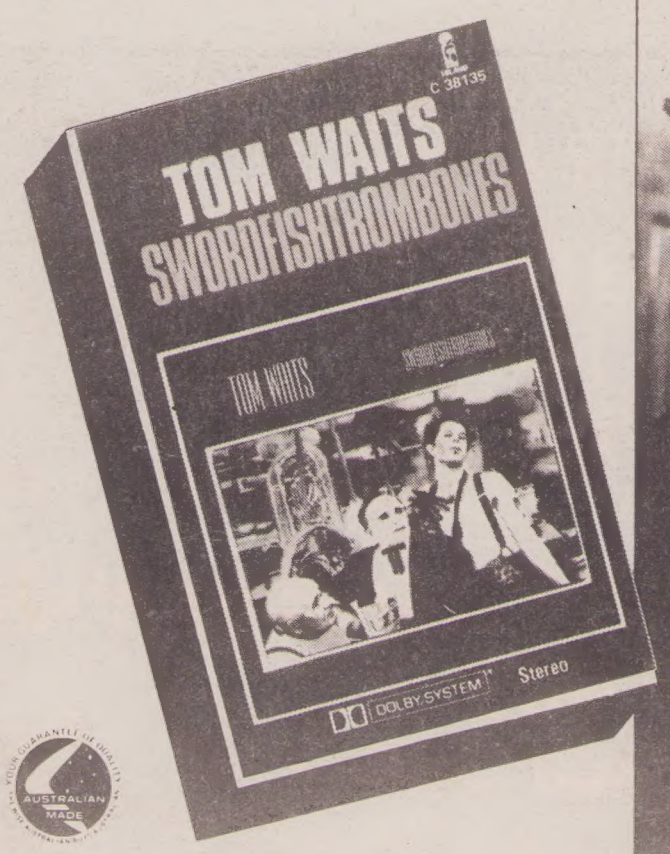
PHIL TRIPP

VIDEO GROOVES
with NEIL KEEN
HELLO AND WELCOME TO UH... VIDEO GROOVES. TONIGHT WE'RE TALKING TO UH... SEAN AND BRETT FROM THE UH... PINK SOX...
UH... FIRST OF ALL, CONGRATS ON THE GOLD RECORD UH... BRETT. AND THE TOUR'S GOING WELL?
UH... YERR, IT'S GREAT!
GRE-AT! AND HOW'S IT WORKING OUT WITH NEW DRUMMER, ADRIAN?
GREAT UH... NEIL. REALLY MIGHTY!
AND HOW HAVE THE CONSTANT LINEUP CHANGES AFFECTED THE BAND, UH... BRETT?
UH... IT'S BEEN GREAT ... REALLY GREAT!
AND SEAN ... AS UH... MAIN SONGWRITER, DO YOU SEE ANY NEW DIRECTIONS NOW THE BAND IS USING SYNTHESIZERS?
© CeS '83
UH... SEAN?
UH... GREAT. IT'S BEEN GREAT TALKING TO YOU SEAN AND UH... BRETT. NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEW SINGLE...

TOM WAITS

SWORDFISHTROMBONES

Featuring: "IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD" K9259
AVAILABLE ON RECORDS & TAPES 38135



ISLAND

AUSTRALIAN MADE

Give the gift of music.

DEAR ENEMY
We Still Call Australia (Occasionally)

LIKE the starlet 'discovered' sipping soda pop at Schwab's Pharmacy, corner of Sunset and Vine, Dear Enemy's big break came in the form of a big-name producer.

Specifically, Peter Mclan, in Melbourne at the time to produce Men At Work. Mclan advised Dear Enemy to hold off on Australian offers and hold out for a deal direct with a U.S. record company, for a worldwide recording contract. He did some demos with the band, took them to America, and lo! Within a year, it all happened.

"There's a huge Australian vibe overseas, especially in America," points out vocalist Ron Martini, and all six band members are quick to credit this to Men At Work. "We're talking from first-hand experience, having been there; the interest in not only music but every facet of Australian culture is just crazy! Also, the A&R manager at Capitol Records is from Dubbo. He liked the band first off, and us being Australian made it that much better for him. We were his first signing, so we were almost a pet project."

In Australia, their album *Ransom Note* will be released late January. The U.S. release date was earlier in the month, on Friday the 13th. Dear Enemy aren't fazed. Ron, guitarist Chris Langford and drummer Ian Morrison have been playing together for five years (half that time under the name Dear Enemy), and while recognition has not come quickly, they've eased into it fairly smoothly. They added guitarist Les Barker (late of Melbourne's version of the Benders), and when keyboard player Martin Fisher and bassist Peter Leslie defected from the Little Heroes 12 months ago, the lineup was complete. It feels comfortable, and the band confident.

Inauspicious dates notwithstanding, why shouldn't they? Dear Enemy's debut single, a love-gone-wrong song called *Computer One*, proved popular enough to keep it in Melbourne's Top 10 for several weeks and make Top 20 nationally. They sometimes play it twice at gigs. Capitol appears to be committed to promoting the album, which was recorded in the States over a four-month period (April to July last year) with their mentor Peter Mclan producing.

"Mostly, we recorded at Sunset Sound in LA," says Martin, who is dark, with rather wild, almost *intemperately* expressive features — it's a mild surprise on playing back the tape to find he talks perfect sense. (And he *does* talk, even offering a treatise on Egyptian philosophy.)

Five of the band sing. (They don't necessarily *talk*, but Martin's vocal enough to make up for the others combined.) They all play multiple instruments. All six write, though only four are represented on *Ransom Note*.

"We were looking for a specific type of song for this album," explains Ron, "just to give the band an identity. We were always a very strongly guitar-based band with a strong rhythm section. Having a keyboards-player, expatriate Kiwi Martin, added a new dimension of texture and colour. But I think they complement each other."

Martin agrees. "On this album, we think we've managed to blend the two at the same strength. We tried to marry opposites — guitar *and* keyboards; power plus subtlety; energy, but also laid-back."

Despite the band's conventional pub-rock image on stage, Martin contends that "we're not a traditional rock band at all. We're all a bit more modern, more melodic, in our outlook. We're not a 'trendy' band, though — by no stretch of the imagination do we follow trends or create a trend. We're a 'song' band. We basically take the songs that are written and put them into a framework we all find comfortable to play.

"We don't try to sound like the 'Durran Durrans' or the 'Spandex Ballots', and there's no way in the world we would want to sound like any of the dinosaur bands. What we want to do is keep the power of rock, but stay up to date with modern recording techniques and instrumentation."

If the single off *Ransom Note* is successful, if good support dates can be confirmed and if financial support can be wangled from Capitol, Dear Enemy may do some live work in the States this year. But all band members are adamant Australia's their top career priority. Although they "found that being readily accepted, it was a really nice time for us" recording in America, they missed home, and they missed the live pub/club scene, conspicuously absent in Los Angeles.

They stripped the stamps off letters from Australia, saved them, and used one of them — complete with King's Cross postmark (Martin is ex-Darlinghurst) — as part of the artwork for the cover of the U.S. album release. It's intended as a statement of identity.

It's worth noting that even in their far back origins as a cover band called Stonewall, Dear Enemy had a reputation as a solid, hard-working outfit.

"We know that's the reason we've been signed, and we're going to hang onto our advantage as long as possible, through solid live gigging.

"Going over to the States was a great buzz — you get a free trip, live it up, travel around, fast cars — but we haven't got great stars in our eyes about the States at all. Any bullshit about Hollywood and neon lights — that palled very quickly, actually. We're basically an Australian band. Our livelihood is in Australia, and we'll always hang onto the Australian nature of the band. If we are lucky enough to crack it overseas, we'll always return to these roots, as an Australian pub band."

What *Land Of Hope And Glory* is to Tim Brooke-Taylor, let *Advance Australia Fair* be to Martin Fisher. A pub-rock band declaring their very ordinariness as their greatest asset yields a certain impressive irony.

"I think what he's trying to say," concludes Ron, gently, "is that we still call Australia home."

ELLY McDONALD

Dear Enemy

CELIBATE RIFLES
More Passionate Noise

EVERY few years, simple, high-energy hard rock starts to come back into vogue, usually under a new name. And so it should. The problem with such an otherwise healthy development is that its most vocal converts often laud the current local exponents as definitive, as if to atone somehow for their own past pretensions.

Thus we find a good, entertaining, but very derivative band like the Celibate Rifles being favourably compared with their more obvious influences — like MC5, the Dictators and the Stooges! This is ridiculous, but fortunately the Rifles display rather more modesty and sense of perspective than their champions.

Avowedly eclectic, the band is quick to admit their sources of inspiration, not all of them proto-punks. The great bluesmen figure prominently, especially John Lee Hooker, and so do the Only Ones, whose approach to song-writing they endorse.

"What we liked about the Only Ones", singer Damien Lovelock explained, "is that they worked *within* the parameters of rock'n'roll, rather than without, but managed to innovate. We're trying to get away from standard verse-chorus [illegible] but still

who has seen the band live can tell you. Occasionally sloppy and technically hamstrung, the Rifles are nonetheless unremittingly fast, furious and dynamic (Steedman particularly so), and they show a true zeal for exciting and amusing an audience. (They also show a fine aversion to ripping them off: gigs are consistently dirt-cheap, if not free.)

At times the aural attack drifts perilously close to H.M. self-indulgence, but the punters love it. Monotony is staved off by an interesting sprinkle of covers — from David Johansen's *Cool Metro* and Tony Joe White's *Groupie Girl* to Del Shannon's *Runaway*.

One aspect of crowd-pleasing for which the Rifles show no enthusiasm whatsoever is fashion. They describe themselves unapologetically as "very suburban", look like surfies, and make no contrived concessions to inner-city chic. With the exception of Lovelock, who joined in early '81, they all hail from the northern beach suburbs, where in late '79 they first combined as a high school band.

It wasn't until March '82 however that the Rifles made it on to vinyl. *But Jacques, The Fish?* — their debut EP — was a fairly unexceptional offering, consisting mostly of sub-Damned/Birdman thrash, with a bit of 'punk pathetique' comedy a la Splodgenessabounds. The album, *Sideroxylon* (May '83) is rather more serious and musically fleshed-out, [illegible] still firmly in the 'remainder

it. *Society*, a sort of *Working Class Hero* for autistics.) And as Lovelock good-naturedly admitted, the accompanying filmclip for another album track, *Tick Tock*, won the uncoveted *Sounds* award for the worst of the year — just like *Nick The Stripper* in 1981.

The Rifles have, for their sins, also released *Merry Christmas Blues*, which is as ephemeral and gimmicky a single as the name suggests. All of this and more may, however, be forgiven when one samples the delights of *Pretty Pictures* (September '83), a quite atypical and simply beautiful song with a haunting, quiet, meandering melody. Lovelock's vocals are a flat but curiously engaging reminder of Reed, Peter Perrett and especially Kevin Ayers. *'Lookin' for a place with no hard edges'*, he croons, and maybe that's an area the Rifles should explore further in the future.

Not, of course, that the Celibate Rifles are any slouches when it comes to rocking out, at least in concert. Steedman probably sums it up for all of them when he says "I like to have a good time, fucking around, making a lot of noise — *passionately.*"

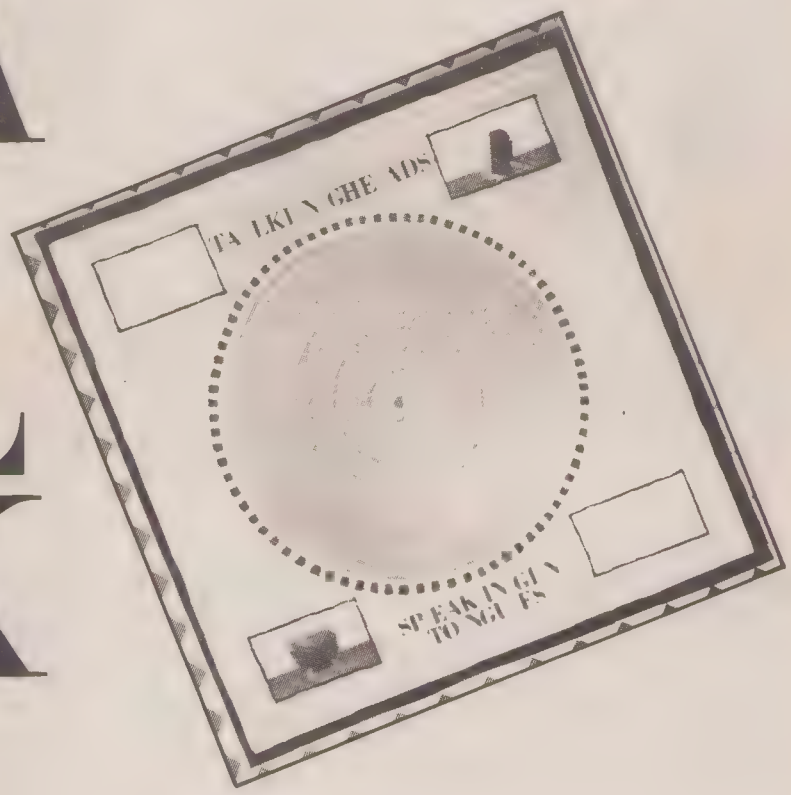
MARK MOLOTOV

THE PRETENDERS

WEA WELCOMES

THE PRETENDERS REC. RAL3 CASS. M5K3
PRETENDERS II REC. RAL4 CASS. M5K4
LEARNING TO CRAWL REC. 23980-1 CASS. 23980-4

TALKING HEADS



TALKING HEADS '77 REC. SR6036 CASS. M5K6036
MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD REC. SRK6058 CASS. M5K6058
REMAIN IN LIGHT REC. SRK6095 CASS. M5K6095
FEAR OF MUSIC REC. SRK6076 CASS. M5K6076
THE NAME OF THIS BAND IS TALKING HEADS REC. 2SR3590 CASS. J5K3590
SPEAKING IN TONGUES REC. 23883-1 CASS. 23883-4

2 ON 1 CASSETTE 23712-4
TALKING HEADS '77
MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD

wea
SIRE

(Pic: Francine McDougall)

CALL ME ARTY, INTELLECTUAL. . . BUT RAW!

SPK, the OZ underground entity that became the toast of avant garde London, return home briefly to face the Metal Music (and FRANK BRUNETTI)

A FRIEND organised a place for us to play in San Francisco which was a Masonic Hall. There were thrones in there, flashing eyes, chains. People had to come in through an iron grille at the bottom. Some guy had been murdered out the front just before the concert began — he was lying there in a pool of blood with a knife sticking out of his back — and the people coming in just thought it was one of our stunts."

SPK's Graeme Revell — tall, severe, muscular — pauses for a moment at the thought of that image.

"We did most of the concert seated on these thrones. One of my conceptual concerns is with modern techno-society which always looks very clean and sterile and yet it's just a cover-up and an excuse for so much carnage and oppression; we try to expose that underlying violence. We had all these sheeps' heads mounted all around the room and I went around with axes and machetes — our percussion instruments — and just smashed them all up until there was blood and brains and stuff everywhere."

"Of course the press always tends to pick up on and emphasise the sensational aspects of it at the expense of our ideas," adds Sinan — small, Chinese, beautiful. "That's why we've had to stop doing that kind of thing."

Graeme — a psychiatric nurse at the time — first formed SPK in Sydney in 1978. His first partner was a schizophrenic patient from the very hospital where he worked. The name was partly inspired by the Sozialistische Patienten Kollective, a subversive group of German mental patients whose slogans included *'Kill for inner peace', Bomb for mental health'*, and *'Therapy through violence'*. SPK however has also come to denote, amongst other things, 'Systems Planning Korporation', 'Solipsik', 'Surgical Penis Klinik' and 'Seppuku'.

Inspired primarily by Germans like Kraftwerk, Can, Neu and Faust but also by less likely figures such as Harry Partch — an American composer who fashioned instruments out of found objects — and writer J.G. Ballard, they used rhythm machines, tapes and synthesisers to create a noise which was then and remains today virtually unlistenable.

"At the time my main priority was to sound as unlike anything else as possible. We used to play at all these punk concerts and get pelted with beer cans."

Slogun/Mekano, a single they released at the time, now fetches up to a hundred pounds in London for original copies.

Graeme then went to Paris in '79 where he taught himself French and studied the theories of semiologists and post-industrial phisolophers such as Deleuze, Baudrillard and Guattari. Throbbing Gristle's label (Industrial Records) re-released *Slogan/Mekano* in 1980, and the following year SPK's first album — *Information Overload Unit* — was issued on Side Effekts Rekords. It has since been described as "the classic of the post-industrial noise genre".

During 1981, they returned to Australia and gave a now legendary performance at the abandoned St. Peters Brickworks. They played outdoors under a night sky amidst piles of crumbling debris while projecting their visuals — which included film of a real autopsy — onto the surrounding wreckage and the towering brickworks chimneys. Listening to tapes of this event, you can hear ghostly electronic wailing, disembodied voices, pile-ups of deliberate ugliness interspersed with moments of surprising beauty: a truly mutated noise simultaneously primitive and futuristic.

About this time their lineup began to devolve to its current state: a hardcore nucleus of Graeme and Sinan plus other conspirators as necessary. They toured the USA in 1982 (during which the aforementioned San Franciscan performance took place) and released the album *Leichenschrei*, the first all-metal percussion album, thus beating Berliners Eisturzende Neubauten and London's Test Department to the metallic K.O.

"When we toured America, every town we played in we'd hear about industrial metal groups springing up in our wake. It's become almost middle-of-the-road now."

That's the reason SPK have lately decided to move on. After releasing *Dekompositiones* (a 12-inch EP) early last year, their next single was an openly commercial track called *Metal Dance*. It's the latter that has provoked howls of outrage and 'sell-out!' from the cognoscenti and the purists. *Metal Dance* is an intoxicating, dervish sound that has attracted interest from major record companies, stimulated more criticism and probably sold more copies than all their other records put together. Why, after five years of working out on the edge of acceptance, have they made such a blatantly commercial move?

"In 1983, we decided we wanted to join the pop world. Cabaret Voltaire, for example, found that in this sort of scene you reach a limit of a certain number of sales worldwide and that's it. Then you've basically got to keep on doing the same thing. When you get to that stage, you've either got to stop or change your way of thinking.

"As a result, we've changed slightly as far as recorded works go. . . but our stage show is still not exactly commercial. Our early fans were very suspicious to start off with, but they're coming around to our way of thinking now.

"Anyhow, I like disco music a lot. People like Grandmaster Flash and others use a lot of what are normally called avant-garde elements in their music. It's certainly far superior to what's called punk nowadays — Oi punk or Gothic punk or Batcave punk — which isn't innovative in the slightest."

SPK once used their noise to make valuable statements and ask necessary questions about the dissemination of information, the use of psychiatry as a means of social control, the media as a tool of oppression, and the nature of violence. Is this to go by the wayside now? Will selling records become the main priority?

"I still agree entirely with Anti-psychiatry and the other ideas I've been concerened with. However I've come to realise that within the concept of the pop song, you can say as much as you like about anything but it won't change a thing."

SINAN: "One of the faulty premises of many people is that rock music is important, that it can change intellectual climates significantly rather than superficially."

GRAEME: "It is, however, an incredibly effective form of publicity, a very efficient channel for getting your name known. But you can't actually *say* anything through the music itself.

"Our whole idea as artists working in pop music is to use the income from that to subsidise other projects. We're doing pop music now, and for the first time we're able to work on really good projects which we've been interested in for years but couldn't afford to finance."

SURE! That's what they all say. But with the ink on their royalty cheques hardly dry, it seems SPK are already well on the way to putting these ideas into action. Their first project concerns the work of a mental patient who lived and died around the turn of the century.

SINAN: "Adolf Wolfli was a mental patient in Berne, Switzerland, who was put into solitary confinement for twenty years. While he was in there he did things like writing a completely imaginary ten-volume autobiography which detailed non-existent expeditions to places like the Antarctic. He also invented a completely new form of musical history which, in terms of musicological history, has been completely ignored."

GRAEME: "That's the sort of project we couldn't have done justice to before. Now we're going to be able to do it properly. There'll be a record with a number of other bands on it and an exhibition of his work."

SKP are continuing their guerilla attacks on post-industrial society and its attendant culture from a different but no less committed stance. If they can be as successful within the system as they have been outside it, they may shake some action yet: mental *and* physical

The last words are Graeme's.

"I'm not afraid of being called an intellectual. . . I'm not afraid of being called artistic. . . And I'm not afraid to present something that's really raw."

NEW ALBUM

On Tour: 27 Jan Narara '84
28 Jan } Melbourne Sports
29 Jan } Entertainment Centre

INCLUDES

WATERFRONT

SPEED YOUR LOVE TO ME

7" + 12"

Virgin Australia

NARARA '84 Back To The Bush Beat !

Next weekend, an expected 30 to 40 thousand rockers on holiday will descend on a 300-acre site near Gosford and enjoy lots of music (certainly), the odd drink or three (probably) and masses of fresh air and sunshine (hopefully). Quite a few will have done the same thing last year.

They'll be returning to the same place but, from all reports, an improved environment and administration. The organisers are largely the same team that created the first Narara: all professionals in the Oz rock industry, though there were still lots of things to learn — all the way from improving the water pressure in the showers to developing a pass-out system to give patrons a flexible weekend. The back page of RAM's liftout Narara '84 guide outlines the life support structure for the instant city.

And they'll be returning to the same event, but a different programme. "Narara '83 was all-Australian and proud of it," says the publicity leaflet. "Narara '84 assumes the point has been made and has invited five of the world's most exciting groups to perform alongside the cream of local rock talent." This change has provoked some fairly fruitless debate — Narara isn't a government institution with a sacred charter, but a private enterprise presenting what it thinks is an interesting musical bill. As preliminary bookings are three times higher than last year's, the organisers believe the public are more interested in what they actually get to see and hear than ideology.

When you get down to it, it's more than 30 acts for forty bucks, and those who want to be there — audience and bands — will be there, and those that don't won't. Turn the page — you'll see the full programme as it stands two weeks before the first note. The combinations are unique; and the bits that get to you may not be the ones you expect. That's one of the best things about a megaconcert, where you don't have to worry about more than a few hundred yards' walk to be home: you can cop it all.

And the visiting groups are unusual. Two — Talking heads and the Pretenders — have toured Oz before, but in very different forms; the other four (the official press release came out before the addition of Sandii & the Sunsetz) are first-time experiences for most of us. Sandii, the Eurythmics and Simple Minds have all been featured in recent issues; in this one, we catch up on the recent doings of Talking Heads, Def Leppard and the Pretenders. . .

TALKING HEADS
The Big Band And The Solid Core

TALKING HEADS — the classic example of a band whose record sales are only just starting to catch up with their influence. *Burning Down The House* and the last album *Speaking In Tongues* are hits in their homeland, but it's taken nearly nine years; an era in which, almost single-handed, they defended America's position in progressive music.

Talking Heads — the classic meeting of Funk and the New Wave in the unlikely form of four upper middle-class American graduate students. Music that had something to do with what had gone before, but not much. There were still songs — verses, hooks and choruses even! — and basic rock instrumentation. But the structures were weird, the lyrics were stranger, and the whole thing had a lean dedication, an implacable *fitness* that was as far removed from the concomitant birth of Punk as it was from the dying rococo excesses of Glam, Pomp and Techno Rock.

They visited Australia in '79, breaking their Far East tour here while David Byrne flew home to put the finishing touches to their third album, *Fear Of Music*. When Telecom finally got us together last week, he was in another studio in San Francisco doing the same thing to the soundtrack of the band filmed in concert. Do you remember that first visit Down Under, David?

"Yeah," he chirps brightly. "I recorded birds and things at one of those kangaroo farms or koala reserves or something. And I used some of that tape on the track, *Drugs*."

Aha! The old Brian Eno ambient noise trick, eh? David says he still uses this approach "about once a year". I ask if he still uses 'Oblique Strategies', the deck of cards with pithy little axioms like 'Put it where it will be found', or 'Not building a wall, but making a brick', that Eno developed with the artist Peter Schmidt as a kind of quick-acting *I Ching* for creative-people-in-a-rut.

"Not really. They're sort of fun, though. I think he had them along for our second record — the first time we worked together — and occasionally he'd pull them out. You just look at them and if something sparks an idea, it's good; if it doesn't, then you just ignore it."

Byrne has, however, continued to extend his 'found-by-chance' approach to lyrics, improvising vocal melodies while the band laid down the basic tracks, then playing them over and over, waiting for words to pop into his head that would fit the scat lines. "I thought that would be a way of doing in the studio what I've been doing in my head anyway," he remarks brightly, if enigmatically. "I've been tending to write lyrics that are *about* the sound, rather than music that's about what the lyrics are saying."

In another recent interview he spoke of this process "requiring interpretation in the way that dreams do — the way that dreams contain powerful images with a strong emotional impact but you don't know what they mean. . . It takes a while for someone to discover what they're about — even *I* don't know what they mean." As this article ended up with fairly vicious non-communication between Byrne and the writer (Barney Hoskyns), I ask him about *mis*interpretation of himself and Talking Heads.

"One that I've heard quite a few times is when people are fixated on my stage persona or whatever, an and interpret every song as being about my, er. . . *mental problems*. That's one extreme. Others occur when people concentrate more on the music and ignore the singing and the persona altogether."

One's not going to dig deep into this, or much else of the persona/psyche of a taciturn, reserved bod like Byrne during a 15-minute phone call, though I do trail a catch-all: 'How have you all changed as people?'

"I know I have a little bit more confidence than I used to — I think the others do too."

I notice in recent filmclips that your stage dancing has got positively slick compared to the early days when you were well described as "a walking seizure". . . Have you been, er, *working out*?

"Yeah. I practise at home."

With a mirror?

"No, with a video. I tape the things that I do that I think look good."

And someday the bootlegs will probably rank with the Presley sex tapes. . . Or maybe not. Is it safe for you to walk the streets, David? Do you have a high Recognition Factor?

"Uh. . .sometimes. Sometimes when you least expect it, y'know. . .?" (*the one laugh of the conversation*) ". . . People coming up and telling you all about your songs when you're out shopping at the supermarket."

And millions more would recognise the sound if not the silhouette: did you think way back in 1974 when you and Chris Frantz were leaving your old student band (the Artistics) behind and teaching Tina Weymouth to play bass, that your new group would be one of the most influential of the decade?

"Well. . . I realised that we were doing something not too many other people were doing. But I didn't know how it would be received. I assumed some people would like it because, like me, they were dissatisfied with what they were hearing on the radio when we began."

New York in the early to mid-70s. . . Where are the other bands that made the break beyond CBGB's and Max's Kansas City? The New York Dolls, the Ramones, Patti Smith, Blondie. . . only Television was heading in anything like the same direction, and Television was born to explode. As Hilly Kristal, founder owner of the seminal club CBGB's (originally CBGB-OMFUG, or 'Country, Blue Grass, Blues and Other Music For Uplifting Gourmandisers'!) once said: ". . . Tom (Verlaine) could never get it the way he wanted because he couldn't get people to do it the way he wanted; David on the other hand had two people who did what had to be done and did it a certain way."

In later years those two 'supporters', the husband and wife rhythm section of Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth, would become publically disenchanted with Byrne's dominance and his involvement with Brian Eno. At one stage, after 1980's brilliant *Remain In Light* album, it seemed that Talking Heads was coming apart. The roles of Weymouth, Frantz and Jerry Harrison were being diluted by the addition of up to half a dozen extra players both on record and on the road, and the next year everyone was recording solo projects — the Frantz's bubbling away on *Wordy Rappinghoods* in the Tom Tom Club, Harrison making the *Red And The Black* album, and Byrne writing *The Catherine Wheel* for leading modern choreographer Twyla Tharp (screened recently on Channel 0-28).

Speaking In Tongues, recorded just by the core quartet and with increasing equality in the composition credit listing, was widely seen as a re-dedication of the original Talking Heads: but on this current tour we're going to get the big band extravaganza, including sometime Parliament keyboardist Bernie Worrell and percussionist Steve Scales (both of whom appeared on *Speaking In Tongues*, *Remain In Light* and *The Name Of This Band Is Talking Heads*), plus guitarist Alex Weir and backing singers Lynn Maybry and Edna Holt.

The repertoire will be "a little bit of everything — probably not anything that you wouldn't have heard on record." Has the success of *Speaking In Tongues* introduced new converts to the back catalogue?

"I know this to be true," he says, stretching out each word with (ironic?) emphasis. "We've just sold a lot more of our earlier records — which makes it good when you play somewhere, and everyone doesn't know just the one song. Maybe three songs!"

What *are* the big, singalong Talking Heads crowd numbers? David offers the earliest favorite *Psycho Killer*, the latest, *Burning Down The House*, and *Life During Wartime* (with that immortal line *'This ain't no disco. . .'*). He's looking forward to Narara: "40,000 or whatever the figure is they're expecting may not be so big for a festival, but it's a large audience for us."

But they may get to bigger ones some day — Byrne feels that Talking Heads is in good shape to continue for quite a while. "I see it doing what we've been doing, including other projects and what-not, but every year or so releasing a Talking Heads record — or product of some sort."

So the core quartet is pretty solid right now?

"I think so. It seems to work out pretty good. We can do other things and then keep coming back to this as one sort of outlet."

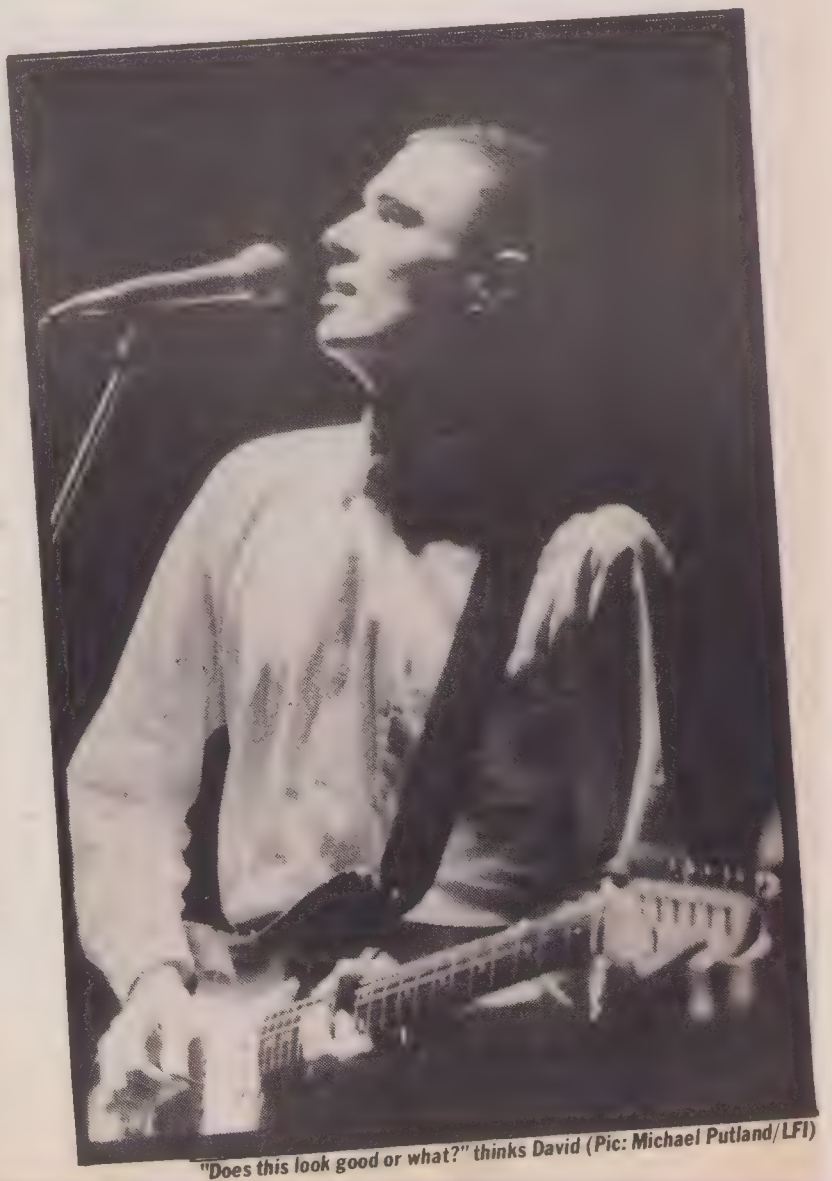
And what other projects has Mr. Byrne got lined up? Something big — as in 'long' — it appears.

"I'm working on music for a theatre production now, with Robert Wilson, an American avant garde director. I'm doing the music and also involved in the staging of one section. It's not really a play — I don't know what you'd call it — but it will be staged in Minneapolis and Los Angeles later this year.

"His productions aren't like regular theatre; they're very long. He had one that lasted five hours, and another that lasted twelve. Most of them don't have storylines: you can go out, get something to eat, see more of it. . . uh, someone's calling me, I have to run and look at the film. In other words, I have to go. See you in a few weeks."

Wouldn't miss it for worlds, David. Can't wait to see those further video refinements of the dancesteps!

GREG TAYLOR



"Does this look good or what?" thinks David (Pic: Michael Putland/LFI)

THE PRETENDERS
Births And Deaths And New Albums

'IT'S a thin line/between love and hate', sings Chrissie Hynde on the Pretenders' new album, *Learning To Crawl*. The same could be said for life and death, or survival and abject depression in the context of a band whose five years of tenuous existence have spanned the pits of tragedy, peaks of elation and plains of blank indifference.

Thin Line Between Love And Hate's also the title of the album's only cover version, a Persuasions' song from 12 years back that uncannily sums up the fraught history of the Pretenders. It's a tender, reflective blues probing dangerous emotional terrain at the point where relationships step over into conflict, and Hynde's aching, evocative rendition colours the song as her own document of pain.

My memories of the Pretenders (as they were) are as mixed as their own swinging fortunes. First contact was hearing Chrissie Hynde spit *Precious* through a tinny car radio exactly four years ago. Then came the haughty elegance and enticing sensuality of *Brass In Pocket*, wrought emotion of *Kid* and the raw urgency of *Up The Neck, Tattooed Love Boys, The Phone Call* and the rest of that essential debut album. Though *Pretenders II* failed to build on the promise, it had its sublime moments — the joyous swing of *Message Of Love*, the subdued intimacy of *I Go To Sleep* — and I awaited the '82 concert tour with high expectations.

Chrissie Hynde (Pic: ER/LFI)

Alas, I got burnt. Shelling out for the last of their Sydney shows, I was confronted with a sad spectacle of disarray — a once superb (if avowedly erratic) live act in tatters, tottering on the brink of implosion. Hynde was on edge, drummer Martin Chambers off time, and the other two Pretenders on drugs — badly.

Two months later, guitarist James Honeyman-Scott was dead. With a stomach already eroded terminally by years of amphetamine abuse, the rest of him sadly succumbed to excess. Hynde, four months' pregnant at the time, was shattered. She had two days previously undergone the trauma of sacking bassist (and one-time lover) Pete Farndon, whose own dalliance with various drugs had taken heavy toll on his musical (and personal) faculties.

Rather than wallow in depression, Hynde and Chambers set about rebuilding momentum. Frantic auditions led to temporary replacements in former Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner and session bassist Tony Butler, and a single — *Back On The Chain Gang* — was recorded within a month of Honeyman-Scott's death.

A more permanent lineup surfaced by early '83, with the recruitment of Malcolm Foster (ex-Foster Bros.) on bass, and ex-Night guitarist Robbie McIntosh. The latter connection actually went back to before Honeyman-Scott's demise — in fact, the very night before. Scott had phoned McIntosh to feel him out on joining the Pretenders as a second guitarist, the aim being to relieve Chrissie of playing duties that she might concentrate more fully on vocals. As it turned out, McIntosh became Scott's replacement instead of his partner.

January 1983 — to Chrissie Hynde and paramour Ray Davies, a daughter, Natalie. A happy event stalked by yet another tragedy, when in April last year Pete Farndon was found dead in his bath from drug-related causes. He'd just begun rebuilding his ailing career, but was stopped just as the new Pretenders started to take off anew. A successful series of U.S. summer dates culminated in the recording of the vital resurrection LP — *Learning To Crawl*, a title that alluded to more than Ms Hynde's new role as a mother and undisputed bandleader.

It's a strikingly confident album, featuring nine Hynde originals and again produced by long-time associate of the band, Chris Thomas. The strong sixties' reference points that informed the Pretenders' debut are still much in evidence. *Middle Of The Road* (slated as the next single) kickstarts the album with a brash, uptempo rush reminiscent of the Stones' classic *Fortune Teller*. In a similar vein is *Time The Avenger* (a nod to the Spencer Davis Group's *Somebody Help Me*), and *Watching The Clothes*, an amusing spoof on the laundromat blues — *'There go the delicates/through the final rinse/There goes my Saturday night//'ll go without a fight'*. There's even a full-tilt traintime 2/4 country rocker, *Thumbelina*, a travelogue through the American mid-west and one of two songs apparently dedicated to the junior Hynde. She can't help but have made a big impression!

But the honours must go to the Great Pretender's soulful reading of *Thin Line*. Bolstered by some sensitive piano from Paul Carrack (ex-Squeeze), it's a disturbing tale of what ensues when the long-suffering worm turns — *'The sweetest woman in the world could be the meanest woman in the world, if you make her that way'*, coos Chrissie with laconic detachment, and you don't dare disbelieve her... especially on past form.

Learning To Crawl, and burning to run — the Pretenders are back, and bound for an easier road from here on... if there's *any* justice.

PHIL STAFFORD

DEF LEPPARD
Pushing The Heavy Map

ACCORDING to the latest *Pear's Cyclopaedia Of World Knowledge*, Sheffield is a South Yorkshire, England, town with a population of just over half a million and is a major site for heavy industry, being made internationally famous for its high quality steel products.

Music has also put Sheffield on the map, although the Cyclopaedia doesn't mention this. There's also another fact that the *Pears* people have left out about this city.

They don't muck about in Sheffield.

Whether it's the 60s white boy who wanted to sing the blues, who became known to the world as Joe Cocker, or the 70s sci-fi film buffs who liked electronics and formed the Human League, or the bored teenagers who wanted to make loud, fast and energetic rock and started Def Leppard five years back, these Steel City citizens don't muck about.

They also don't mince words in Sheffield.

Which means that interviewing Leppard singer Joe Elliott is like taking a phone call in the middle of a hurricane. . . you just pick up the receiver and hold on for dear life!

Within a minute of making the Sheffield connection, I've been told that Joe's on holiday, has been working non-stop from last February until December, that the band are coming here because they've been invited to play the Narara Festival and not because they were planning a promo tour, that Joe doesn't like promo visits, that Joe does like playing to audiences, that Joe doesn't mind doing interviews but considers them a necessary evil, and a pain in the arse.

I've got a pain in my ear. It's 9am in Sydney and I've greeted the day after four hours' sleep and one cup of tea, and there's this verbal tempest raging away on the other end of a telephone. I've been warned to keep the conversation brief. . . but conversation? *What* conversation? You don't hold a *conversation* with Joe Elliott. You throw in a word when he pauses to suck in a breath, which isn't that often.

A break. My chance! A word: 'Australia'. Joe leaps into action. Def Leppard don't sell many records in Australia, but they do get letters from fans asking them to play here. The Narara Festival is in Australia, and the promoters thought it might be good (if a little expensive) for them to play there. Joe knows some other things about Australia. The English cricket team are visiting Australia. Will it still be summer when Def Leppard are here?

A question: my turn. Yes, it's summer. Joe wants to get a tan. I tell him it's been raining and cold. The hurricane is suddenly stilled. He's sitting in his new home in Sheffield at ten in the evening and pondering the unthinkable. Rain in Australia? Cold in Australia? Clearly this man has seen pictures of golden beaches and bikini girls and palm trees and surfers. His faith in travel posters is shattered. I take full advantage of the silence. . .

New material? No, the band has been flat-out touring, and when you're touring non-stop for ten months, you don't get a chance. In America, where their third (and latest) album *Pyromania* was a smash hit, the band were averaging nearly a dozen interviews a day, and had no private life. But Def Leppard don't write on the road. They get together three months before recording an album, write the material, play around with it for a while and lay it down on vinyl with producer "Mutt" Lange. When the band finish their dates in Australia they'll head for Bangkok and Japan, then back to England for writing and recording sessions.

With Joe telling me that the band "don't just want to be big in America, we want to be big universally!" and talking about "writing begins in February and recording begins in May", I'm thinking that a life of little privacy mapped out months ahead in a long list of touring, recording and interview dates seems a dangerously high-pressure situation for such a young band. But they breed 'em tough in Sheffield. And thick-skinned too. If they didn't, then Def Leppard wouldn't have been able to cope with the inevitable antipathy that spread through their home market after their American success, running so high that the English heavy metal magazine *Kerrang!* felt obliged to "examine the case" for the band's credibility problem; a problem which, on closer examination, most writers agreed to involve a combination of jealousy, the grand Anglo-Saxon tradition of "knocking" success abroad, and musical conservatism.

Joe isn't about to win any fans among the considerable number of hard rock conservatives with comments like: "To be honest I prefer the (stage) look of Duran Duran to that of (L.A. glitter/metal band) Motley Crue, or bands like Saxon with their studs and spandex. We're not into a heavy metal image, just the music." Referring to the latest Black Sabbath album as "the biggest piece of shit I've ever heard", and declaring "I'd rather listen to the Osmonds than Black Sabbath" may only add fuel to the anti-Leppard fire, which has already seen bassist Rick Allen declared to be "suffering from a disease which is making him increasingly wimpier" by the English metal press (for daring to praise Duran Duran, U2 and fellow Sheffielders Heaven 17).

Still, Def Leppard are *huge* in America. They appear in pin-up interviews in teenybop magazines like *Tiger Beat* and *16*, and at the time of writing are on my TV screen with the *Entertainment Tonight* gang. Considering that like most heavy rock bands, their airplay in England is minimal ("our latest single got six plays, and after charting at number 88, plummeted to 112", Joe wails bitterly), they could be excused for laying low at home and concentrating on markets elsewhere.

But this is a band who interrupt recording schedules to follow the World Cup soccer games, and who

Joe Elliot (Pic: R/JB/LFI)

spend their free time at home (rather than in Bermuda or some other expensive tropical hangout). And even if you, like me, think the rampantly infectious sounds of *Pyromania* — especially the heavily airplayed single *Photograph* — might be veering dangerously towards the Journeys and Styx's of this world, you've got to admire the nerve (or foolhardiness) of a man who'll state: "Live album? When you see a live Def Leppard album in the shops, it'll mean we can't write songs anymore."

Def Leppard. You either hate 'em or love 'em, but if Australia follows America's example, you won't be able to ignore 'em for much longer. The McDonald's of Metal? For 1984, the year of Big Brother, may just turn out to be the year of the (Big) Cat.

J.J. ADAMS

NARARA '84
How To Get There

How To Get Along

ABLUTIONS
* Hundreds of self-contained chemical toilets
* Ditto serviced shower units.

CAMPING
* Vast camping areas (closer to the main stage than last year).
* Separate area with 2,000 campervan sites. Tickets on advance sale for $30. (N.B. No caravans — just campervans, panelvans and "other mobile homes". You live in it, you work it out. . .)

CHILD MINDING
* Professionally staffed with promised improvements in facilities and play equipment. But obviously not a service to be abused — if you don't want to be with your kids, why bring them? — and no overnight care. Sign in, sign out for the over-four year olds only.

DRINKS
* Public bar dispenses draught beer and wine. Now under direct control of the festival organisers, with promised better control of prices and efficient service.
* Beverages, soft drinks and juices from the main catering area.
* Drinking water outlets throughout the camping sites.

EATING
* Over 30 food stalls, offering a wide range from vegetarian visions to burger breakouts. All caterers price-controlled and Health Department-inspected

HEALTH
* Onsite hospital with fully qualified medical and nursing staff available round the clock Emergency transport procedures for anyone determined to get extremely medical

PARKING
* Free car parking adjacent to the site serviced by free shuttle bus service Separate area for motorbikes All security patrolled.

PASSOUTS
* A new feature If you live nearby, or have to go away for a rest or something in particular, a return can be arranged

PETS
* Domestic animals banned. (Wild ones — on two legs — welcome until they cause disturbance.)

RULES
* 'Imported' Alcohol, Fires, Guns, Axes Or Any Weapons, Glass, Cans, Pets, and Caravans are totally banned.

SECURITY
* Lots of it, looking to preserve last year's low crime and accident record.

SWIMMING
* The big cool-off dam near the catering area. Supervised by qualified lifesavers.

TICKETS
* $40 advance purchase at major booking agencies.
* $50 at the gate, with various reductions on the last two days.
* $20 for children 7-12. Under seven (accompanied by an adult), free. Gates open at 9.00 am Friday 27.

TRANSPORT
* By Car: From Sydney — take the Gosford exit from the Newcastle expressway and follow the signs to the festival site. From Gosford — take the Pacific Highway, turn off at Wiseman's Ferry Road, and follow the signs.
* By Train: Bulk trains between Sydney and Gosford (the journey takes approximately 1½ hours) and main stations in between. Free shuttle buses from Gosford Station to the festival site.

RUBBISH
* This year, the main viewing area will be cleared every night after the last act and the clear-up teams will move in. Be tidy — don't be horizontal!

VALUABLES
* A new 'cloakroom' service. Precious articles will be minded at the Information Centre for a $1.00 fee.

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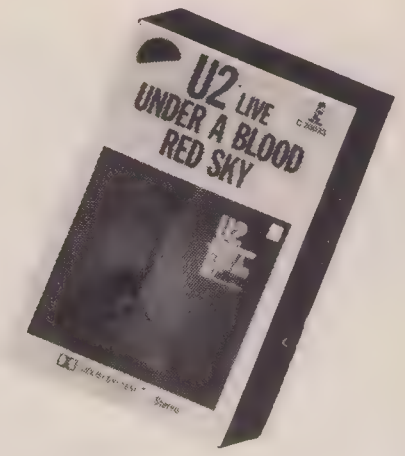

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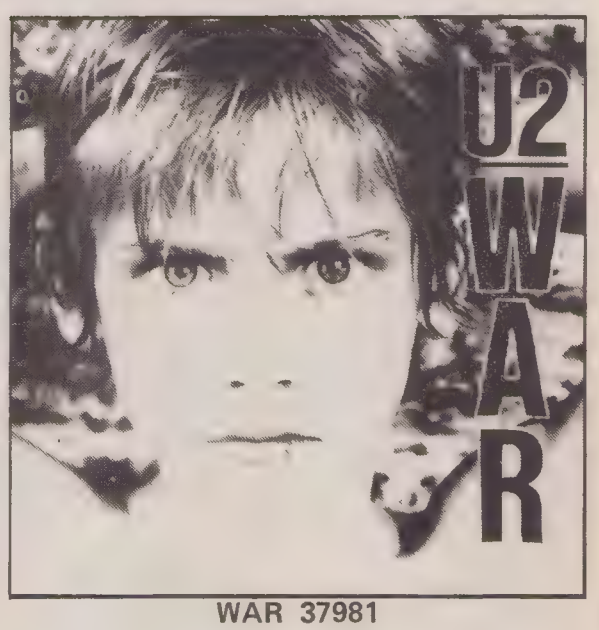

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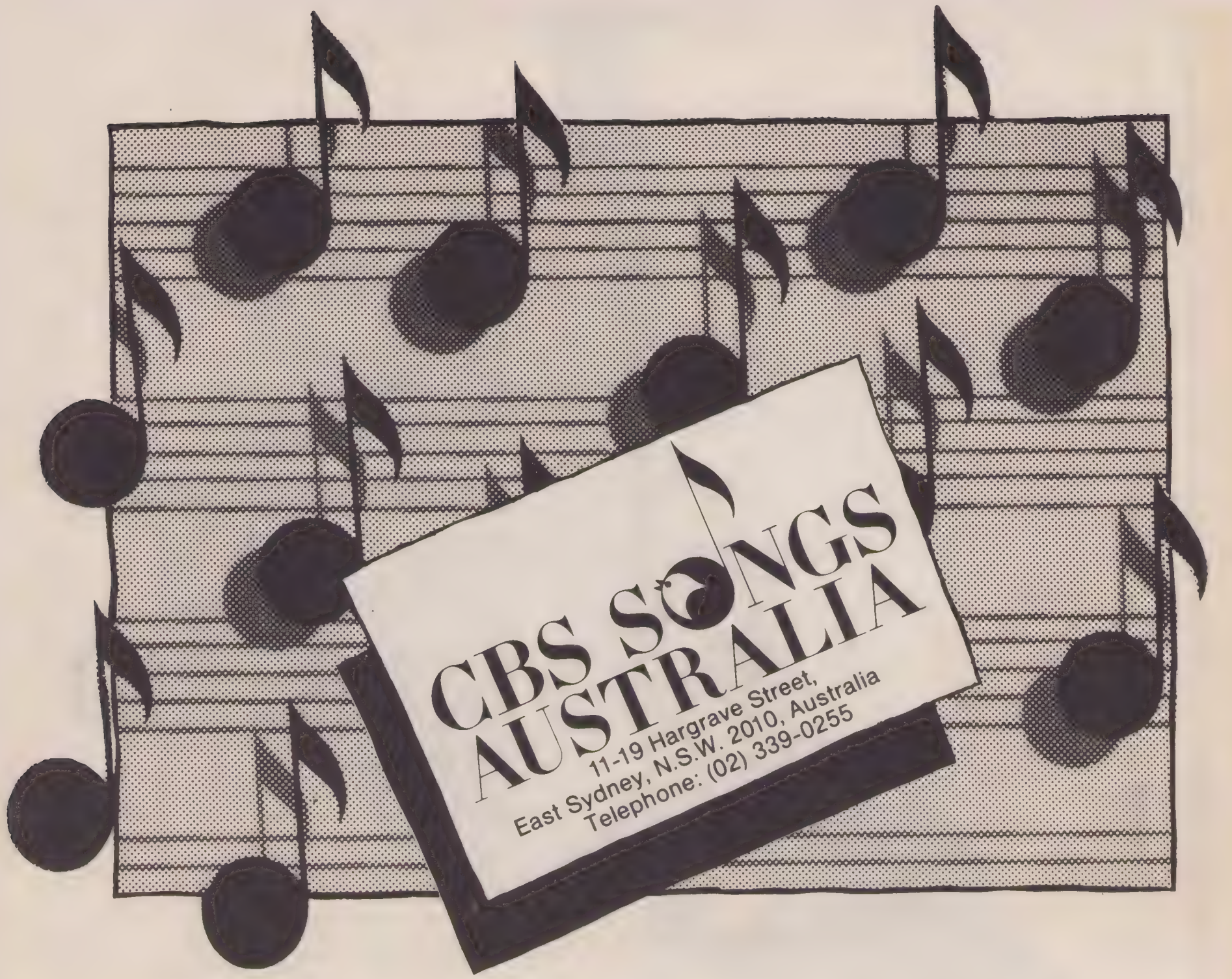
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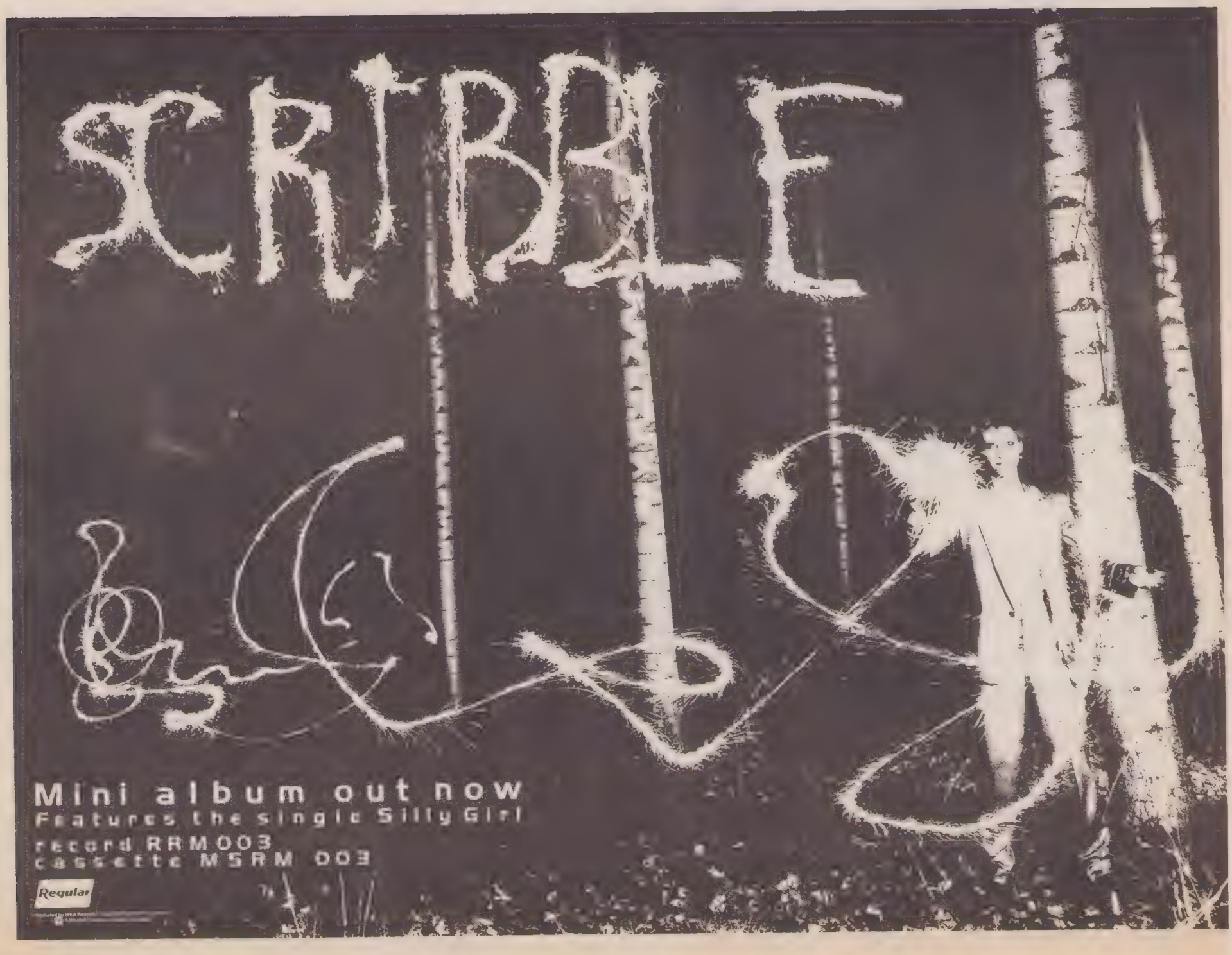
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record RRM003
cassette MSRM 003
Regular

The Ju-Ju Queen

Back in 1977, the Clash had a number on their debut album called *'Janie Jones'*. When the real-life owner of the name finished her four-year jail sentence, she met up with the band. . . CAROL CLERK finds out about life after escort agencies.

I KEEP wanting a quiet life, but things just keep coming up. . ."

Janie Jones is the last woman in the world who could seriously expect a quiet life. It's ten years since a sensational court case dragged her name across every major newspaper in the world. But time doesn't heal every wound. Even today, the very mention of her name is enough to send shudders of lascivious recall along a million spines.

This is a woman who went to prison for four years for offences in connection with her "escort agency". She'd been providing services for the sort of people who eventually condemned her to incarceration. Janie Jones was internationally branded some kind of 'Vice Queen' ("Why didn't they call me a *Nice* Queen?"). Described by one judge as one of the "wickedest women" he'd ever tried, she was later immortalised by a more sympathetic Clash on their debut album.

"Everything I've done has been completely before my time — like when I bared my tits at a world film premiere. Of course, I got done for that — indecent exposure. . ."

JANIE Jones bustled around the kitchen of her Notting Hill flat, making coffee and chattering cheerfully about her current 22-year-old slave and her ex-husband whom she refers to only as "the crank". Occasionally, she'd burst into shrieks of laughter and snatches of song.

"A pair of knickers in an empty taxi. . ." she trilled to the the tune of *These Foolish Things*, "And, oh, do you want to hear my version of *My Way?*"

"And now, I've done my time," she sang, throwing her arms dramatically towards the ceiling. *"I feel refreshed, no need to worry. I've been with kings and queens, and for a fee, I'll tell my story. I've made love from chandeliers, on trampolines with candelabras, but* all *have come my way. . . by doing it my way. . ."*

We accepted our coffee and settled down to more topical matters, namely Janie's current UK single, *House Of The Ju-Ju Queen*. Produced by Joe Strummer and performed by the Clash with Janie singing, this decidedly sleazy song brings together an odd assortment of characters in an even odder series of situations. The chief of police, a string of knocked-up nuns and a handful of sore choirboys are used to "expose the hypocrisy of the system".

Janie cackled with delight. "I love it," she said. "All these men wanting to be dressed up as nuns and all these things. . . and then when they get caught, they say 'Oh, it wasn't me'. . ."

Janie Jones and the Clash met shortly after her release from prison in 1977.

"The day I got out of prison, I was taken away in a white mini. I turned on the radio and what comes on but the Clash doing *Janie Jones?* I couldn't believe it. I thought 'I'm hearing things'. I said 'Good God, someone's singing a song about me'.

"I went up North Durham for six months, and when I came back down to London, I was asked if I'd like to meet the Clash, so I went to a pub and met them and I liked them very much. There were very down to earth, and they were in hysterics when I was telling them the different things that happened inside the prison.

"Then after that I went to see one of their shows at Brixton and they were dynamic. I was absolutely knocked out. So I asked them to write me a song, and they wrote *House Of The Ju-Ju Queen."*

The single was recorded this time last year, but delayed while Janie nursed her cancer-stricken sister through her illness to her death in April. Even now, Janie still sees the Clash from time to time.

"They're for the working class people, they're 'know your rights'. They know there's one law for the rich and another for the working class, and that's exactly what I've been saying for years.

"The Clash have done so much for me. They gave me back my dignity; they gave me the chance to come back into showbusiness again. I felt I could come back and get an act together.

"The Clash came forward while all the other stars I'd been friends with for years had deserted me, even the ones who owed me a lot. The Clash, who didn't even know me, gave me the chance to come back into the world again."

THE only sign in Janie's home of her previous activities is a particularly ferocious-looking whip on the living room wall; "I tell the slave if he doesn't behave he gets the whip. I'm a very strict mistress."

She looks back on her past with a great deal of humour and few regrets: "I don't know why, but my sense of humour has always got me into trouble. I keep saying 'Get behind me Satan,' but he keeps getting in front of me.

"I think what the world needs now is purity and punishment for anybody who goes against it. . . We should all remember that herpes is forever."

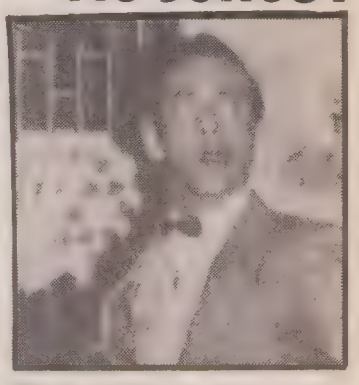
"Everything I've done has been completely before my time. . . like when I bared my tits at a world film premiere. Of course I got done for that, indecent exposure. Nobody gets done for that now.

"In a way, I was glad to go to prison because I was able to get away from the crank at last. He was absolutely bloody mental, so I felt safe when I was inside. He was schizophrenic, very violent and a pathological liar. When I got out of prison, the first thing I did was get my friend to drive me to a park at Crouch End, and I ran around, jumping up and down and looking at the flowers.

"Now I'm working hard on getting a good stage act together, getting orchestrations worked out and doing some shows (the first being a benefit last week in a pub, in aid of women in prison). I couldn't go back to running an escort agency. . . it would be too much aggravation for me.

"I think what the world needs now is purity, and punishment for anybody who goes against it. I want to go back to the Victorian era. . . the sort of time when people had to cover up the legs of their chairs. All this filth should be completely banished. There should be candlelight and true love romance. We should all remember that herpes is forever."

THE NEW COMEDY —No Jokes?



PEE-WEE HERMAN may live down to his pint-size name, but, believe me, he's definitely the next big thing. He's the first real '80s comic — he's not funny.

That isn't completely true. He's hilarious — but he's no joke. That is, he doesn't *tell* any jokes. Now, what would one call comedy that isn't funny. . . how about, performance art?

Pee-Wee describes his act as "somewhere between stand-up comedy and conceptual something-or-other". He adds to that: "This is the decade where avant-garde becomes commercial." Wish he'd tell that to some of the American record companies.

It may not work for record companies, but, so far, it's worked for Pee-Wee. Before his big Pee-Wee days, he was just another sleazy out-of-work West Coast actor/comedian named Paul Reubens. Now, as Pee-Wee, he's appeared in several films, done his own cable video show, made countless appearances on American late-night television talk shows, and has developed a definitely-not-pee-wee sized cult following of reverent 18 to 40-year olds. He's now about to make his first rock (or whatever) video.

So what exactly does this Pee-Wee person do? Not much, really. He's high camp. He comes out on stage and acts like a big brat. And a spaz (American for "spastic"). And a sarcastic snit. A wise-ass. A goofball. A simpering adolescent. His Pee-Wee voice is twisted into the permanent petulant pitch of the pre-hormone teenage tantrum. He is the walking satire of every adult's stereotype of his own frighteningly embarrassing adolescence.

For instance, he loves to teach the audience the art of the really nasty reply. If someone should remark "Oh, I love that story", Pee-Wee's recommended retort is, "Why don't your marry it?" (bloody brilliant). He always starts his show by crowning two "kids" king and queen of the show — then inviting everyone to their beheading. He passes out tootsie-rolls (disgusting rubber-like chocolates) to those in the audience who are well-behaved — and haven't lost their tooth fillings yet. He dubs choice audience members with special nicknames — opting to call this note-taking reporter "NME-O". His own brilliant one is "Pee-Wee-O."

His idea of fun is tossing giant underpants — the kind Meat Loaf would have to shrink — into the crowd, as gifts. He holds stare contests with the front row. The audience, even TV ones, howl back at him, and are often much funnier than he is. His none-Pee-Wee sized ego makes him respond to this by sticking out his tongue and sneering. "That's so funny I nearly fell off a dinosaur." To display musical virtuosity, he'll play a tune on the "cornmonica" (harmonica in a plastic corncob) — then he'll play the same one on a "watermelonmonica" (no descrip. nec.).

Well, what's so bloody avant-garde about *that?* "You're not supposed to get the sense that there's an actor portraying a character," says the Small One, and you don't. All you see is this jerk about your own age and size, acting like you did at 14. Even worse, if that's possible. Pee-Wee sees it as an artistic challenge to liberate the children of the '50s, '60s, even '70s from the tortures of imposed-adulthood — restriction and sophistication. His comedy's so serious he thinks it's therapy — and it obviously is, for him. Pee-Wee's laughing all the way to the bank

MERLE GINSBERG

CAROLINE CALLING!

Pirate Radio Returns to the North Sea

RADIO Caroline's London offices are warm, agreeable and comfortable, yet somehow strangely stark. And their address is, for reasons not entirely unconnected with the Marine Offences Act of 1967, utterly secret.

Ronan O'Rahilly is in residence, poring through a hefty pile of British and Dutch audience surveys, a huge grin across his face. He announces that the combined UK and Dutch audiences for his recently re-launched floating radio station now top six million, and he predicts that when listening figures for the rest of Europe come in, their overall audience will be in the region of 10 million.

"This will make us the largest commercial station in the world," he says, his eyes gleaming, "and that's *freaky*."

O'Rahilly is an engaging, charismatic character. An ebullient, enigmatic, silver-haired Irishman, he leads an elusive, chameleon-like existence — the inevitable result, perhaps, of his two decades as father of pirate radio. Yet, undeniably eccentric, he still nurtures an almost naive idealism that's evident in his obsessional commitment to Caroline — named after Jack Kennedy's daughter — as the embodiment of a very personal dream.

It was O'Rahilly, who — fuelled by the brave, heady rhetoric of three preachers of peace, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy — launched a media revolution with pirate radio in the Sixties. It was O'Rahilly who kept the dream alive in the Seventies when the establishment stepped in to outlaw it and all seemed hopeless, and it's O'Rahilly who's at the helm once more for Caroline's latest audacious attempt to beat the system and inject the Eighties with the freedom, hope and optimism of an earlier era.

"I've always believed the world could be a magic place and everybody could be decent to each other," he says, and you know they're the words of a man whose philosophies are rooted in Sixties ideology.

The son of a wealthy Southern Irish family, he originally came to Britain to make films, but quickly discovered the embryonic talents of R&B keyboard player and singer Georgie Fame. He tried to get a deal for him, but found the business "full of old men — Frank Sinatra types who wouldn't take me seriously". Not surprisingly EMI and Decca, basically the only two major record labels of the day, both laughed him out of sight, and his disillusionment was complete when the one pop radio station, Luxembourg (jointly owned by EMI and Decca), refused even to listen to his schedule of Fame's music.

Anybody else would have compacted, packed up and got a proper job, Ronan decided to fight them at their own game — he was determined to set up his own radio station.

"I was at a cocktail party and a girl told me there was an American ship off the eastern Mediterranean that was used for broadcasting The Voice Of America. And I tell you something, it's not crazy! The signal travels beautifully over sea water, you get a fabulous coverage. That signal events to take off, it pours out, into that water, then bounces up and by the time it hits the coast it's really cooking."

Radio Caroline started broadcasting on Easter Sunday, 1964, and with its fast-paced disc presentation, hip jingles, American-drawling deejays, punchy advertisements and total dedication to pop music, the station quickly revolutionised British broadcasting.

After only seven days on air, Caroline had a British audience of 2½ million and Ronan had his broadcasting freedom and the listeners a new dream to share. And where Ronan led, a host of competitors followed, eager to exploit the gaping chasm in British broadcasting legislation. By 1966 the medium wave was awash with pirates, all supplying the musical backdrop to the swinging Sixties.

Radio London, Radio Essex, Radio England, Radio Scotland, Radio 270, Radio City, Britain Radio and Radio 390 challenged Caroline's position, and deejays like Kenny Everett, Tony Blackburn, John Peel, Dave Lee Travis, Johnny Walker, Roger Scott, Tony Prince, Paul Burnett, Duncan Johnson and Stuart Henry were fast becoming household names.

Government opposition to illegal offshore broadcasting increased and on August 15, 1967 the Marine Offences Act became law. Most pirates scuttled back to shore (some of the deejays emerging on Radio 1, the Government's peace offering to pop fans), but Caroline upped anchor and moved to the safety of international waters.

"They all bottled out in 1967," says Tony Scott, originally cook on the new Caroline and now a late night deejay on the station. "It was really heavy, wasn't it? Plus there were all sorts of golden hammerless guns without ammo. Why do your brains out on a ship if you can do it as ashore?"

"A lot of the idealism went out of it, plus the money went out of it. Although it was nice to think that these people were pirates and with Jack and all that business, they were in it for the dough! The people that owned London and Caroline at the time made a lot of money out of it. Nobody ever disputes that. The advertising revenue was phenomenal! If Independent Local Radio stations were getting that nowadays they'd be well pleased ... so would their shareholders!"

Caroline continued to broadcast from international waters. There were now two ships — the Mi Amigo (Radio Caroline South) and the Caroline (Radio Caroline North) — with a combined audience of nearly 25 million, but despite continuing listener loyalty and substantial advertising, heavy bills could not be met.

In March 1969 both ships were towed into Amsterdam and confiscated. The Caroline was looted past reprieve, but the Mi Amigo remained unscathed. Five years later, it was brought up on an auction on the pretence of turning her into a pop museum, was mysteriously towed out of Dutch waters and began broadcasting from the original Caroline anchorage.

Ronan was back in charge once more, but in the intervening years he had changed and so had his station. He was distraught at the death of JFK and when Luther King and Bobby went, that was the final straw. To some, Ronan blamed his old Caroline's Swinging Sound was no longer unrivalled chart pop and cheerful chatter, new broadcast sequel occasionally offered album material. More importantly, Caroline became a *peace* ship.

"I'd come out of that Sixties recession, the feeling, the whole drug culture thing. Flowers in your hair and found the Loving Awareness Detachment Awareness concept."

The Loving Awareness policy — a loose term coined to convey peace, love and understanding — others, including most of the Caroline deejays, found it difficult to understand. Yet more devastating problems were in store.

On March 30, 1980, the 60-year-old Mi Amigo was torn from her moorings in a heavy gale and ran aground on a mudbank 12 miles off the Essex coast.

"It was horrendous," says Ronan. "It was like having five months' fathers' recovery. I started plans to raise the Mi Amigo. It's like when you cut yourself, all those things go through your blood to heal the wound."

But despite months of intensive work, the plans of saving the Mi Amigo were abandoned. O'Rahilly reluctantly decided to cut his losses and when he could from the shipowners and refloat his fleet.

There was a certain moment when I realised. Well, with all that experience I've had — technical and everything else, let's put together the perfect radio ship.

And that's what the Ross Revenge is."

THERE are numerous practical problems connected with the whole Caroline Paradox about infringing the law, supplying a ship in international waters from mainland Britain meant that hiring a fishing vessel to ferry us to the Ross Revenge was an arduous and highly delicate business.

Such problems are a way of life for the regular deejays. They spend four weeks on the ship and four weeks off, but often circumstances dictate that they spend much longer at sea. This itself caused huge traumas.

"The most inane things tend to get blown out of all proportion," says Tony Scott. "It's like World War Three here sometimes."

The odd thing about the new Caroline is that there's nothing at all revolutionary about its music policy. "Caroline was innovative in the Sixties and Seventies, so we really have to be innovative in the Eighties as well," said senior deejay Andy Archer.

Yet the music supply proved to be the station's now unexpectedly controversial [illegible]

After four years of silence, Radio Caroline, the original pirate radio is back on air. PAUL STRANGE risks his lunch and his liberty to pay a sailing visit to the enterprise that has survived shipwreck and Acts Of Parliament to become possibly the largest commercial station in the world.

Andy Archer: happy days

This includes the running of offices in LA (where listeners send their requests) and New York (where major international firms book advertising space on the station).

I mention to the source I spoke to from the station's staff my doubts that Mike, who was 'in charge' as well as running Britain's campaign for [illegible] the Mother Ship station's [illegible] was keen with the [illegible] people coming on [illegible] and [illegible] the ship itself. Mike's team of [illegible] engineers, DJs [illegible] and [illegible] report on really serious problems.

The 60-foot generator [illegible] a weekly basis, normally a returning vessel with [illegible] chartered to reach Zeebrugge — which sumilies them with fuel, water, [illegible] and so on. Once [illegible] Caroline [illegible] the journey from Holland to Britain. The vessels they use carry [illegible] and the [illegible] are a closely guarded secret.

Every time they [illegible] the Caroline staff are [illegible]. Naturally they're jumpy and when a ship is sighted we have to [illegible] with almost a sense of [illegible] and the [illegible] attempt [illegible] into [illegible].

The authorities have clearly become interested in the new Caroline. Private police have [illegible] the ship and [illegible] launches have circled her taking pictures and [illegible] information. If the new boat is a vessel that has been out to Caroline, they'll make special efforts to intercept that boat, regardless of what it contains.

"Thames Coastguard to Barfly," crackled a familiar voice. "The authorities want to know if you've actually been out to the Caroline.

"Yes," said the skipper. "I've taken some journalists to see her."

"Ah," said the [illegible] voice. "I think they want to see you when you get into port."

To be honest, I would have felt very [illegible] if I hadn't [illegible] Caroline [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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SPLIT ENZ/ALLNITERS/ VENETIANS

(Sydney Entertainment Centre)

Just walking into the Sydney Entertainment Centre — a monolithic hi-tech environment of concrete, steel and glass — is enough to put one in a receptive mood for the afternoon's offerings.

(Pic: Francine [illegible] all)

Rather than detract from this impression, the thousands of teenies and sub-teenies running around inside and out merely add the requisite edge of near-hysteria. It's for them after all that this concert is being staged.

Clad in what appears to be the summer casual range from Myer's, the VENETIANS run through a selection of exceedingly forgettable 'songs'. Sure, *Sound On Sound* is a pretty catchy tune, but the rest are outstanding only for their anonymity. The subtly offensive air the Venetians exude throughout their set comes to a head when they drag a reluctant looking Chinese couple out from backstage to perform a deeply meaningless dance during the latest — unsuccessful, I might add — stab at the charts, *Chinese I's*. Talk about cultural imperialism!

Apart from a few half-hearted claps, most of the audience remain blind to the Venetians' appeal. Stick to videos on the telly, boys.

One of the big surprises of the afternoon — for me, at least — is the fanatical reception accorded the ALLNITERS. I know they're one of the most popular pub bands in the country, but I hadn't realised this popularity extended to those as far below drinking age as most of this audience appear to be. Their brand of bubblegum 'n' amphetamine ska pop has the audience up and dancing almost immediately. And believe me, the sight of thousands of kids dancing in those endless rows of seats that seemingly stretch right up to the roof is pretty damn impressive.

The Allniters' antics — usually a touch contrived for my taste — come as quite a relief after the pompous and po-faced Venetians. This afternoon's performance is unfortunately a little on the pedestrian side, probably due to the fact that the Allniters thrive in more intimately sized rooms where they can get closer to the audience.

Montego Bay and *Hold On* go down a storm, eliciting massed singalongs. However *Breakfast in Bed*, a song which requires a light but dynamic touch, merely turns into a pub-rock slog. Best moment of the set is Julie's rendition of *Love And Affection*. The audience is just wild about them, and the only reason the Allniters don't return for an encore is the fact that they're not headlining.

And so, onto SPLIT ENZ.

Now the Enz are, I must admit, a bunch I've never fancied, ever since I first saw them supporting Lou Reed in Brisbane way back in 1975. Their insipid little melodies, their cute but harmless visages and their ridiculous apparel have rarely stirred any emotion in me apart from a cool indifference bordering occasionally on antipathy. During the next hour my opinion of Split Enz, at least as a live band, undergoes a complete reversal. Their performance today is little short of magnificent and their audience reception is complete.

What makes the crucial difference between their sedate records and their dynamic live performance is the fact that on stage they *rock*. This is mainly due to recently added drummer Paul Hester, percussionist Noel Crombie and bassist Nigel Griggs who combine to form a rhythm section of power, flexibility, precision and intensity. Never is this clearer than on a monstrous version of *Dirty Creature*. On record, it's a polite pop workout but alive it becomes a psychedelic funk opus with the rhythms almost brutal in their bolstering of the song's stop/start melody.

You don't realise the huge number of hits Split Enz have had until you hear them coming one after the other, a seemingly endless parade: the only songs not immediately recognisable being those from the new album.

In a set that goes back as far as *I See Red*, the highlights include: *History Never Repeats*, a song I once considered lame revealing itself as powerful pop at its best; the swirling, mesmerising intro and outro to *Six Months In A Leaky Boat*; Eddie Rayner's keyboards showing the Venetians how to use technology to evoke emotion rather than to cover up a lack of it; Neil Finn's soulful interpolation of *Summertime* into the middle of *Conflicting Emotions;* seeing ten thousand dancing like shock victims to the frenetic *I See Red;* the anarchic collapse of *My Mistake* leading into a snatch of *Fraction Too Much Friction* before reforming once more as *My Mistake;* the perfect TKO delivered by *I Got You* right at the end of the set.

These songs were made to be heard live and at high volume. Perhaps what Split Enz need is a Nile Rodgers or a Nick Launay to give their records the rhythm attack so abundant on stage, yet so lacking on disc.

Walking through the crowded Sunday streets of Chinatown, a perfectly surreal ending to the afternoon occurred when we observed Australia II — the semi-trailer carrying it obscured by crowds — seemingly sailing unaided through the mob on its way to a one-week stand at the Entertainment Centre. The adults cheered, while the kids threw empty coke cans at it.

FRANK BRUNETTI

EURYTHMICS
Touch
(RCA)

In a world of disposable consumerism, the highest attainable state of nirvana seems to be a pop society that craves superficial high gloss mixed with a hint of eccentricity, however contrived or affected. Hence minor aberrations like Boy George or Annie Lennox become major role models, visual/melodious masks for a blank generation of digital reactionaries spoonfed melt-in-the-ear, wing-a-glazed-eye electroditties.

With Culture Club, it's a redressed/bivested, make-like-a-black-boy soul croon; with Eurythmics, it's more a case of dressed-up/double-breasted, make-like-a-girl-boy pop operatics. In both instances, the keynote is calculation, the trigger on safety lock. The aim is not so much to shoot you down as to make you dance a little — in the right *outfit*, of course m'deah.

The second Eurythmics' album, *Touch* comes replete with life-size wall poster — the teddy-bear syndrome so beloved of Malcolm McLaren reaches its dualistic zenith. . . Can the boys handle a sabre-tongued vamp given to occasional drag? Can the girls relate to a voracious if incurable romantique? Yup. Just look how many already

Touch starts with a sequencer compumelody, and ends with actual computer-found noises. Between the terminals, humanity surfaces in restricted, carefully tailored form. As soulful a singer as Annie Lennox certainly is, her voice rarely strays too far from the multitrack layering process. There's as many of her on record as there are on film, but true to chameleon form, she's so often convincing as to forgive the artifice of the backing tracks. Though various horns, strings and guitars insinuate with regularity, they're as much extra cosmetics on top of the electronic foundation — which consists of a (real cheap) drum machine, rudimental (real simple) keyboards, and a subliminal click track designed to render you either robotic or real crazy.

Here Comes The Rain, with its blithely gormless string figure (courtesy London Philharmonic, of all people) does nothing to prepare you for *Regrets*, a naggingly brittle ticking synth pulse at cross purposes with Lennox' vocal, a warm-throated breath of sass, acid and sexuality — qualities almost parodied by the mild politeness of the backing. The only injection of colour comes from Dick Cuthall's wilfuly erratic trumpet lines

Cuthall and Lennox then add the only hum an touches to the first of the two hits, *Right By Your Side*. Though one could question the wisdom of attempting an archtypical calypso feel with synthetic instrumentation, it curiously *works* — but only by the width of a diode. It's separated from the creamy pop of *Who's That Girl?* by the featureless monolith of *Cool Blue*, which has as its only melodic departure a nimbly incongruous bass guitar solo.

'How can I forget you/Never gonna give you up' avows Lennox, and it's a rare moment that hints at her vulnerable side. Beneath the impenetrable gaze of those ice-blue eyes lurks the same old emotional insecurities — egoist jealousy and vindictive spite stalk the romantic ideal, as in *Who's That Girl?* Pop tart with an acid aftertaste. . .

Side two confirms that the melodic charm of Eurythmics' material is invested solely in Lennox' voice: it's the lead instrument that transforms tawdry backing tracks into tumescent songs. *First Cut* slices through a skeletally simple disco feel on the edge of her lower register, while she apes Grace Jones with ease in *Aqua*: *'Don't touch me, don't talk to me ever again'* — headstrong, haughty, dismissive and deadpan.

'And in the morning when the day begins, it feels like cold, cold steel'... Feel familiar? Actually, *No Fear No Hate No Pain (No Broken Hearts)* shapes suspiciously like an Ultravox parody till Lennox snarls the opening salvo, then builds tension with each successive verse. The lyrics are mere tags and snatches with sloganist choruses written more for sound and rhythm than revelatory import

And that's when the facade starts to look artless. That's consumerism artsfans: packaging with precision Image with forethought. Scratch the surface, and it smells. It's the now acceptable (and most widely bought) face of Pop Music 1984. No wonder revivalism's big business — even the Eurythmics' inner sleeve artwork depicts a range of traditional instruments, from a snare drum to a french horn. There are three odd sketches interfaced — a reel to reel tape deck, a synthesiser and a mixing console.

You'd think they'd be able to afford the real thing, wouldn't you?

PHIL STAFFORD

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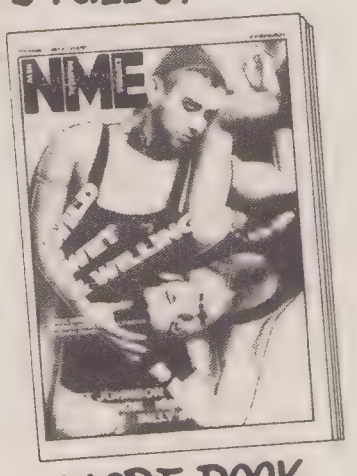

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* As a result of Tommy's last co-writing trip to USA, he has a song on the latest Sheena Easton album – which, by all accounts, will sell more than a million units world-wide. We are currently arranging his next US visit.

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SEEN&HEARD

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BLACK SABBATH
Born Again
(Polygram)
FASTWAY
Fastway
(CBS)

Want a quote defining the difference between these British bands?

Take it away "Fast" Eddie Clark, ex of Motorhead, now of Fastway. . . Said our Ed of former Sabs' singer Ronnie J. Dio: "That singer went from one band to another. It's all a bore! It's like there's a pool of British rock singers. I could have asked one of them (to join Fastway) because there's a few that are not working, but I thought kids get fed up with hearing the same singer in a different band. I wanted to do something with a bit of freshness about it."

One of the British rock pool gang not working around the time of Fastway's formation was Ian Gillan, having watched his own band (Gillan) branch out on their own and subsequent plans for a Deep Purple reunion having gone down the gurgler.

A pub meeting with Sabs' Tony Iommi and "Geezer" Butler led to Gillan joining **Black Sabbath,** and the album, *Born Again.* And despite Gillan's comments that "the Gothic images and the Greek mythology have been worked to death" and vows that "there'll be a little more sex in the music", lyrically *Born Again* is in classic Sabs style, proving that Black Sabbath are a sort of NSW Liberal Party of heavy rock. . . they keep changing frontmen, but their policy platform always remains the same, albeit growing more obsolete with each passing year. The words are the same — only the music has changed.

I could make a comment along the lines of "oh how the mighty fallen". . . but in the Sabs' case, this album represents not so much a fall as a gradual slide into mediocrity. *Born Again* isn't all bedtime music, but the bulk of the tracks are pretty soporific. *Digital Bitch* and *Hot Line* on side two lifted the speakers for a few minutes, and side one's instrumental, *Stonehenge,* is tailor-made theme music for one of those cheap but good BBC sci-fi series, but basically the years of musical experience invested in the current lineup are wasted on this dirge (as in dirge: funeral chant).

Technical overkill is one problem — as on most tracks, the effects gadgets all but smother Gillan's vocals and any hope of clean, uncluttered guitar lines. The production quality seems to vary between spareness and heavy-handedness. But the main problem seems to lie in the choice of Gillan as vocalist. . . his range and delivery just aren't strong enough to carry the Sabs' lyrics and rise above the gadgetry, as Ozzy Osbourne was able to.

The title track, which contains the lyrical gem *'as we rise when we challenge and kill'*, brought on hysterical laughter. Gone are the days when playing Black Sabbath at full volume would bring the fire brigade, not least the police. Nowadays these boys don't sound like they'd have the energy to rise off the lounge to challenge and kill a cockroach!

And if I were to offer the Sabs any advice, one piece would be to keep away from lyrics like *'faded tapestries, vague and distant glories concealed in the gloom'*, lest their audience starts comparing the band's faded present to its glorious past. But like the proverbial birth, death and taxes, it seems the Sabs will always be with us, and *Born Again* will turn a tidy profit if only because, in this changing world, familiarity sells.

And so to **Fastway,** the band so speedy they lost their bassist (and name contributor) Pete Way, ex of UFO, before they even got a chance to record. I could make a bad joke about Pete being too Waysted (the title of his subsequent album) to make it to the studio, but even with the need to hire a temporary bassist for the album, Fastway don't seem to have suffered any through his absence.

In fact, I'd class *Fastway* as one of the top vinyl events of 1983 and as one of the best debut albums ever, and it's good to see that CBS got around to locally releasing this album. *Fastway* (the album and the band) represents a classic mix of mature experience and youthful energy. The maturity is provided by guitarist ("Fast") Eddie Clarke, who claims that since the release of the album people have commented that they "hadn't realised I could play guitar" (which makes one wonder what they thought he was doing with Motorhead for the past six-odd years), and drummer Jerry Shirley, formerly with the famed Humble Pie. The youthful energy is provided by 21-year-old newcomer David King, selected by Clarke from a cassette he'd submitted in reply to an ad. There are definite similarities in vocal style and range between King and those of an equally curly-locked lad who well over a decade ago joined up with an experienced guitarist named Jimmy Page, but I wouldn't go as far as *Creem* magazine's Sylvie Simmons, who has dubbed young Davie "Robert Seedling"!

Side one leaps out of the speakers with *Easy Livin'* and proceeds through some solid, boogie-rich tracks to *Another Day,* which opens with some delicate acoustic guitar (although Clarke fans from his Motorhead days are assured in one interview I read that nimble-fingered Eddie didn't actually contribute this bit and *Heft.*

All I Need Is Your Love must be my side one pick, but I feel compelled to mention *Feel Me, Touch Me (Do Anything You Want)* which had me rocking with its energy and rolling (with laughter) at its lyrics, which perpetuate the dated and comic myth of the inexperienced "lady" begging the singer to show her *'things a woman should know'*.

Side two's the go though. . . solid energy after the slow buildup of *We Become One* (a band anthem, presumably written before Pete's departure, with references to *'we four become one'*). *Say What You Will* with its infectious riff has to be the outright winner, although *You Got Me Runnin'* comes in close behind, along with *Give It All You Got.* But the final track, *Give It Some Action,* seems to be the joker in this otherwise excellent pack, with King almost painfully screeching on some lines.

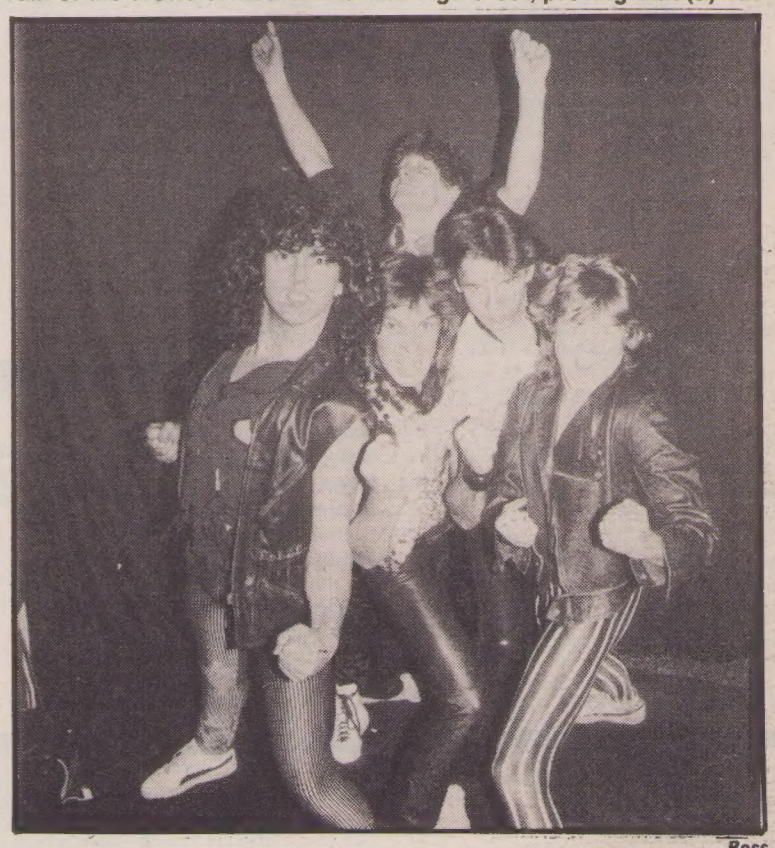
Fastway. They sound great before breakfast, fine over lunch and even better after the work or dole day blues. Listen and weep, Lemmy. . .

J.J. ADAMS

BOSS/BENGAL TIGERS
(Tivoli, Sydney)

Ever tried to kill 90 minutes on a Sunday afternoon in downtown Sydney without spending any money? It can't be done, unless you count dropping into church, as I recently found out. This little black duck didn't have the money or inclination to get plastered, so she set out to learn the delights of Sydney, Sunday evening style. Which, if you're broke, determined to keep away from the junk food palaces and on your own, add up to. . . zilch.

Night finally fell, and I entered the Tivoli along with a small portion of the Sydney hard rock community. In fact, a very small portion. . . the bulk of the crowd drifted in after the Tigers' set, proving that (a) bad



Boss

rumours spread and (b) rumours are not always wrong, as those who stayed for the Tigers found out.

Does a singer and a drummer constitute a group? Not in my books (unless you count a few jazz and experimental numbers I've caught). But that's all the BENGAL TIGERS appeared to consist of, or at least all who were noticeable. There's this little guy up front who sings like David Surkamp from Pavlov's Dog (i.e. heavy on the high-pitched vibrato, although not high enough to join the Brothers Gibb) and who does great Bruce Dickinson imitations (i.e. he stands or squats in one spot, waves his head from side to side, clutches his mike stand like Lady Macbeth's dagger. . . watch any recent Iron Maiden video clip and you'll get the picture!).

The Bengal Tigers also have another bloke up the back who plays powerhouse drums, but the guitarists on either side don't seem to do much. I mean, six or eight riffs, changed in order and reversed throughout the set do not a guitar hero band make!

To be fair, the singer did keep apologising for having the 'flu, but with a voice like his, even if there was the odd bit of *strain* reaching some notes, no apologies were necessary. If I were in his leathers, I know what I'd be embarrassed about. . . and I think I've made that clear in the preceding paragraph.

Still, if I were sweet 18 (or even less, judging by the appearance of some of the converted down the front) I'd probably think the Bengal Tigers were the greatest thing since sliced bread/six-pack tinnies/going all the way/or learning to inhale while smoking.

They've got flashpots. The singer tells dirty jokes (but so does Boss's. . . the difference being that the latter gets a laugh, while the former tells 'em like he's expecting his mother to appear from the wings at any minute!). They're reasonably photogenic. They plug their product. In short, their label probably thinks of the Bengal Tigers as a sort of HM Sunnyboys. But the latter have talent, something that is not immediately noticeable on viewing the Tigers. Their set consisted of a selection of their vinyl material, but I was only affected to the point of wondering about the ethics of performing an 'original' number called *Evie* (surely I'm not the only living Aussie who remembers Stevie Wright's super-hit of the same name!). Full marks for their encore, though. . . a cover of Judas Priest doing a cover of Joan Baez's tribute to Bob Dylan (*Diamonds And Rust*).

Exit the Bengal Tigers (if they represent the New Wave of Australian Heavy Metal, this girl's giving up surfing!). Local band BOSS headlined the night, and although I hadn't been too impressed with previous gigs I'd caught, their set certainly lived up to their name. Starting off with *All Talk, No Action,* the band were as dirty, loud and proud as one of their songs proclaims, and they had me out of my chair for the first time that evening.

Be warned. When these boys decide to plug in the energy, they power! Their singer sounds like he's been drinking gravel and whisky with the best, the Boss guitarists deserve gold stars for effort, enthusiasm and expertise, and a solid, bottom-rich sound made the difference between their set and the Bengal Tigers' akin to the difference between a Les Paul classic and a $60 Woollies Christmas special.

I'd like to see Boss expand their performing horizons a little, as they're capable of doing a wider range of material (their obligatory ballad, *Cry Cry Cry* proves this). The fault seems to lie in the songwriting, limited to the *'I wanted her/I got her/I lost her'* school of lyricism, but numbers like *Anzac,* which I haven't heard them perform in some time, suggest that expansion is possible.

Another Sunday night round at the Tivoli. Bengal Tigers v Boss. Result? Tiger skins on the floor.

J. J. ADAMS

JOE JACKSON
Mike's Murder — Soundtrack
(A&M)

So Joe Jackson joins Robbie Robertson, Mark Knopfler and Tom Waits in the musician's creative holiday — writing muzak for filmz. The album you do when you're between albums.

As soundtracks go, it's only halfway there. One side of songs, one side of instrumental (incidental?) music. It's well over eighteen months since *Night And Day,* and though Jackson spent a year's solid roadwork promoting his last LP, he still found time to sandwich *Mike's Murder* between touring commitments. And it shows. What we get are five reasonably formed song ideas and a whole side of instrumental dabbling. . . hardly befitting Jackson's reputation as a painstaking songsmith.

Why the album's been released *before* the film is a mystery. Though Jackson's stature may well be sufficient to sell the soundtrack on its own merits, most of the instrumental content means little on *its* own — merely a fragmented collection of feels at best, and formless meandering for the most part.

At least side one serves up *songs,* though they're pretty slapdash affairs. The arrangements are skeletal, the playing less than inspired; it's left to Jackson's characteristically wry sense of humour to plug the gaps *Cosmopolitan* pokes fun at his own upward mobility *('I read all the right magazines'), Laundromat Monday* lampoons routine as the enemy of ambition — *'I could be president/if I worked out where all my Mondays went'* — and *(Where The Hell Is) Memphis* is a ruthless sendup of rock'n'roll, prefaced as it is with a direct cop of the organ figure from Spencer Davis' *I'm A Man.* . . Or is it Joe's personal in-joke?

Which brings us to the theme song, *Moonlight* — I can only hope *it's* a joke in the context of the script. *'I think Moonlight is my friend/But sometimes I'm not sure'* — hard to imagine if Joe's ruminated on anything *this* cosmic for a while. And when he comes out with *'I know it's only make believe/So I pretend'* in the next breath, the joke dawns. Isn't that what movies (and movie music) are all about?

PHIL STAFFORD

DEPECHE MODE
Construction Time Again
(Powderworks)

Depeche Mode are the epitome of the synthesiser band pilloried as slick and soulless. And with good reason: they are. The critics' barbs must have pricked the Mode's collective conscience. 'cos *Construction Time Again* is the band's attempt to show they really do have some substance, something urgent and important to say, something to contribute to pop music. Unfortunately for them, the album is feeble and the whole exercise a mammoth disaster.

The melodies are forgotten once the songs are over and the production is merely average. The Mode's weakness is that they are so damned limited: drum machines, synths and their oh-so-basic keyboard playing makes for something akin to dentist's waiting room muzak. That's how closely related this pile of vile mediocrity is to real rock'n'roll.

And the lyrics. . . like I mean, wow, they are so *heavy.* Real meaty subjects like the horror of nuclear war, the state of the ecosystem and the screaming injustice of poverty. Worthy subjects indeed, but given the Mode's pedantic, holier-than-thou approach it is enough to make you cringe with embarrassment, not take to the streets in rage.

This album really gets your back up: it's enough to make you join the young Libs.

JOHN DI MASE

BOB DYLAN
Infidels
(CBS)

In 1983 Bob Dylan was in serious danger of becoming somebody who once was, after a series of albums culminating with the diabolically mundane *Shot Of Love.*

The erosion of Dylan's popular status has grown in direct proportion to his commitment to Christianity. It seems the general public just can't fathom a former champion of secular revelation who has gone so far with this born-again business as to have Pat Boone baptise him in the confines of a middle American swimming pool. Is this the same Dylan who turned the Beatles onto dope and sang about Mr. Jones's sublime ignorance? The man who

CONTINUED P30.

suffered the jibes of folk purists everywhere by strapping on an electric guitar, teaming up with the Band, and delivering *Like A Rolling Stone* to an audience ripe for the era of consciousness expansion?

Well, no, it isn't. Dylan may well have found Jesus, but in the process, he fell into the trap of all converts. He stopped asking questions and started preaching dogma.

Even this would have been forgivable if it translated into substantial songs, but in Dylan's case, not even the combined efforts of the holy trinity, the heavenly host, and half a dozen leading apostles could help the little Jewish Whiner come up with anything comparable to a *Visions Of Johanna* or an *Idiot Wind*. I guess Bob must have been doing penance for taking too many trips on that magic swirling ship.

Infidels, however, *is* something of a return to form. Dylan has not exactly abandoned the Bible, but he has worked off enough evangelical excess to gain some perspective on what constitutes incisive songwriting. He also had the good sense to hire Mark Knopfler and Mick Taylor for guitar duties, another Dire Strait (Alan Clark) for simple but effective keyboards, and the ubiquitous Sly Dunbar-Robbie Shakespeare rhythm section to give the whole thing some groove.

The result is his best effort since 1975's *Blood On The Tracks*. Only *Man Of Peace*, with its repetitive 12-bar blues structure and lifeless vocal, fails to convince.

The rest of *Infidels* is concerned with betrayal and its effect upon self and society. *Jokerman, Sweetheart Like You* and *Union Sundown* move from self-betrayal to political betrayal in a series of sweeping scenarios that invoke everything from *Jokerman's 'persecutor within'* standing giantlike with snakes in his fists, ready to bay at an already howling moon (presided over by the *Whore Of Babylon*, who cuts you down with practised detachment!), to *Union Sundown's* slide guitar ride through the heart of an America where embezzled souls buy overseas brands because *big* business and the unions have learnt to do the mutual exploitation dance — *'capitalism is above the law'*.

Considering one of his most famous lines is about the need to be honest if you're outside the law, Dylan proceeds to detail his vision of *Infidels* in general: *'steal a little and they throw you in jail/steal a lot and they make you a king/there's only one step down from here, babe/and that's the land of poverty bliss/tell me, what's a sweetheart like you/doing in a dump like this?'*

Sweetheart Like You, in fact, is Dylan at his bitter-sweet best. Sharp lyrics. Strong melody. Graced by Mark Knopfler's distinctively intimate guitar work. His best ballad since *Desire's Sara*.

Infidels won's change the world, but it may well change your mind about Bob Dylan's relevance. Dial R for resurrection.

TERRY BYRNES

AZTEC CAMERA
High Land, Hard Rain
(Powderworks)

Aztec Camera are *the* bold new band to emerge in '83. And they have achieved a lot in a short time with an album that has ignited interest and a highly successful tour of the U.S. supporting Elvis Costello. Don't be surprised if they are this year's stars. The rock press loves 'em — journos are tripping over themselves in search of superlatives. (Ironically, this attention is spilling over into the dreaded hype syndrome which will do the band more harm than good.)

But the arrival of Roddy Frame, precocious 19-year-old composer/mainman, is the arrival of a real and lasting talent, make no mistake about that. *High Land, Hard Rain* is a refreshing, exciting release. A masterpiece it isn't, but it isn't far off the mark. Just give Frame a few years to mature his talent on the circuit and he'll be delivering songs that'll set the world on fire. He has all the passion, insight and commitment that makes for rock'n'roll's greatest performers.

Aztec Camera strip rock back to its barest essentials in search of raw power. It is a refreshing, vital sound because Frame has a master's sense of dynamics, a tunesmith's love of conjuring up striking melodies that linger long in the mind.

Frame draws on the crystalline beauty of psychedelia for the attack and the power'n'passion of the blues for the guts of his sound. Like all the best pop music it is simultaneously unsettling and inspirational. The album's best tracks, *Oblivious, The Bugle Sounds Again, We Could Send Letters, Pillar To Post* and *Back On Board* do that admirably.

A few songs don't match these highpoints, but no matter — *High Land, Hard Rain* will be long valued as a shattering debut. Keep your ears tuned.

JOHN DI MASE

THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO ROCK BOOKS
By Ed Hanel
(Published by Omnibus Press. $12.95)

No-one should doubt that there is a flourishing rock book publishing industry after this — 95 pages of nothing but lists of every rock book published. With the help of several well stocked libraries (including that of Barry Miles), Hanel hasn't missed much, and if he has, *I've* never heard of it.

In his introduction, Hanel explains that rock has now survived three generations. Subsequently there is such a wide variety of books chronicling the music that it seemed sensible to offer a guide as to what was/is available. Also in the introduction, Hanel moans about the "low status of the rock press". (Do any of these whingers ever *read* any of the papers they write off with vague generalisations?) Hanel sensibly recognises some books as better than others. This gives some indication of the immense range covered. From Dave Harker's brilliant *One For the Money: Politics And Popular Song* to John G. Fuller's ridiculous *Are The Kids Alright?*

Like much of the best rock writing, it is impossible to agree with the writer all the time. But one could hardly disagree with this — "Trying to determine what actually happened (which is presumably the major reason for reading rock books) is a research nightmare of sifting among official press releases, unconfirmed rumours and, too often, shoddy reporting. For me to call a book accurate (and I have) outside the narrow scope of my knowledge in rock is, at least, an educated guess and, at worst, an unintentional lie."

JAMES MANNING

THE DOORS
Alive, She Cried
(Elektra)

More than ten years after Jim Morrison s death comes the first official posthumous release from the Doors, apart from his poetry with music album *American Dream* issued a few years ago. Unlike most dead pop stars', Morrison's memory wasn't cheapened by a rash of releases cashing in on his death. This was largely because the other three Doors were still around to prevent such desecration and, anyway, they didn't waste much time in the studio. Nearly everything the band recorded found its way onto vinyl. There have also been a number of bootleg live albums of excellent quality.

Alive, She Cried, an excellent live album in its own right, doesn't really measure up to the best moments on those bootlegs, nor to the other official Doors' live set, *Absolutely Live* — a sprawling, rambunctious maverick of a live double album. As a document it reflects all the vices and virtues that made up the Doors: at times it's tedious and self-indulgent, but for the most part it's full of the dark fire that was the Door's unique noise. As well as music, it features riots and brawls.

Alive, She Cried is, on the other hand, just a little too neat and tidy. A handful of tracks well-played and well-recorded: the trouble is one always wants something just a little bit *more* from the Doors.

The album really catches fire on the two previously unavailable non-originals, where Morrison tackles the two leading white blues singers of the sixties — Van Morrison and Mick Jagger — head-on.

Van Morrison's *Gloria* was recorded live at a soundcheck — the sort of event that J. Morrison didn't attend all that often — and it's great. A barnstorming runthrough of the song that virtually *every* sixties' punk garage band included in its repertoire.

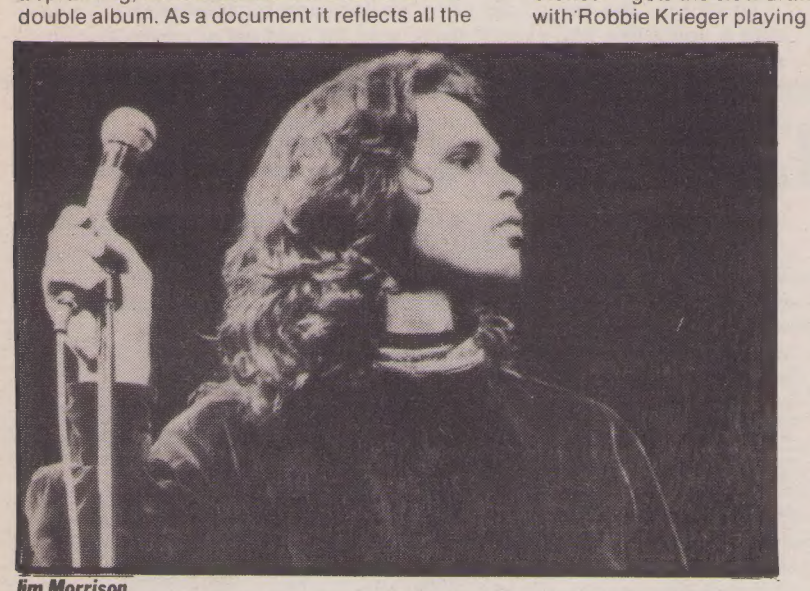
Little Red Rooster — actually a Howlin' Wolf song, but popularised in the sixties by the Stones — gets the slow drawling treatment with Robbie Krieger playing a fluid, bluesy slide guitar. It shows that Morrison was one of the very few white boys who really *could* sing the blues. For further proof, check out his versions, on other albums, of Willie Dixon's *Back Door Man* and John Lee Hooker's *Crawling King Snake*.

There's also an extended version of *Light My Fire*, into the middle of which Morrison drops the oddly enigmatic 'Graveyard Poem'. More Morrison poetry can be heard on *Horse Latitudes* and an embryonic version of *Texas Radio and the Big Beat*.

Renditions of Doors' clasics *Moonlight Drive, You Make Me Real* and *Love Me Two Times* complete the album: competent, but not as wildly exciting as they should be.

If you don't have any live Doors' recordings their memory and your record collection would be better served by obtaining *Absolutely Live*. But if you hold the Doors in as high a regard as I do — and I consider them to be one of the two or three very best — you'll already have that. In which case, this live document will be an essential purchase.

FRANK BRUNETTI



Jim Morrison

THE DOORS: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
By Danny Sugarman.
(Published by Vermillion. $17.95)

. . . In which Danny Sugarman follows up the phenomenally successful *No One Here Gets Out Alive* (co-authored with Jerry Hopkins) in an attempt to extract more coin from Doors buffs. . .

Sugarman's book is not without merit; it's just that one tends to be a little suspicious of his motives. But given the fact that Ray Manzarek is involved in the project (he and Sugarman run an LA production firm together), it at least has (what's left of) the band's sanction. And if the Doors wish to merchandise themselves after all this time, well, good luck to them. I guess.

An Illustrated History is really a two-part publication. One is the impressive selection of photos Sugarman has assembled, including an incredible number of shots from the camera of Paul Ferarra. Then there's some shots of an on-stage arrest of Morrison while the band are in the middle of a set, taken by Tim Page who has become some sort of celebrity since the publication of his book *Tim Page's Nam*. The main complaint about the photos is that none of them are captioned, so there is never any indication as to time and place. And for a book that boasts such a fine collection, it is indeed a pity.

The rest of the book is a collection of reprinted articles about the band. (No doubt due to space considerations, many of these are edited.) The earliest piece comes from the *LA Times*. Back in 1966, Pete Johnson called them "a hungry looking quartet with an interesting original sound but with what is possibly the worst stage appearance of any rock'n'roll groups in captivity." A lot of the items have fairly limited historical interest. Pages and pages of Doors stories are OK for future reference (maybe), but read in one sitting they tend to blur a little.

One worth examination is the excerpt from Joan Didion's book, *The White Album:* "I have already heard about acid as a transitional stage and also about the Maharishi and even about universal love, and after a while it all sounds like marmalade skies to me. . ." Didion spent some time with the band in the studio, and anyone who has hung around a band at all would sympathise with her. "I count the control knobs on the electronic console. There are 76. It will be some weeks before the Doors finish recording. I do not see it through."

And of course any such compilation would not be complete without something from Lester Bangs, i.e. his review of *Absolutely Live*. "Like many people, I used to hate the Doors. I decided early on that they were a shuck, and having a somewhat reactionary bent, I was especially incensed that so many people idolised them when their whole nightworld was so obviously hokey.

"I like this album a lot. I wouldn't pay $6.98 for it" (those were the days, and this was a double album!), "because most of the songs sound exactly like the originals. . ." This is fairly tepid as far as Bangs goes. For some really wild prose, see Bangs' feature in the special Doors edition of *Musician, Player And Listener*. (Possibly not featured in this collection due to some of Bangs' vitriolic comments on the band and their lead singer?)

The Doors are probably fortunate that the myth stopped when it did (Morrison's death aside, of course). A journalist asked Ray Manzarek in London recently what he thought the band would sound like if they were still playing. Manzarek was honest (if hopeful?) with his reply: "Probably like The Rolling Stones."

JAMES MANNING

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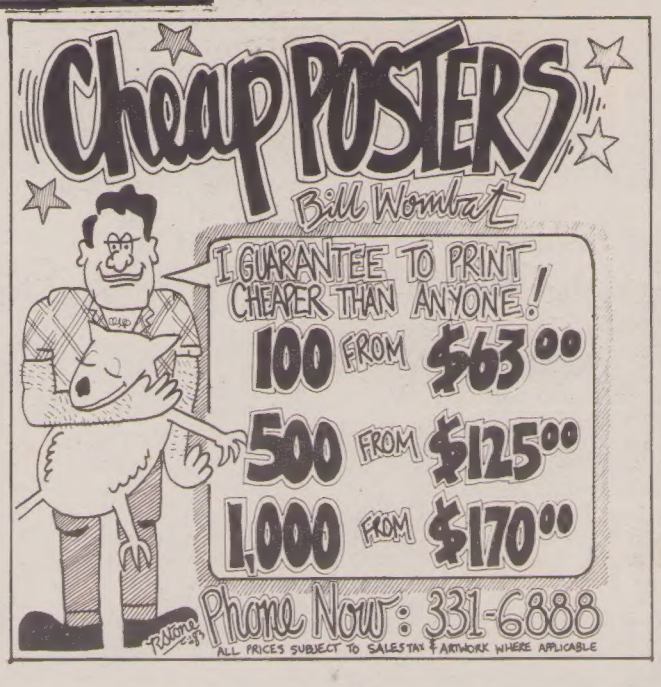
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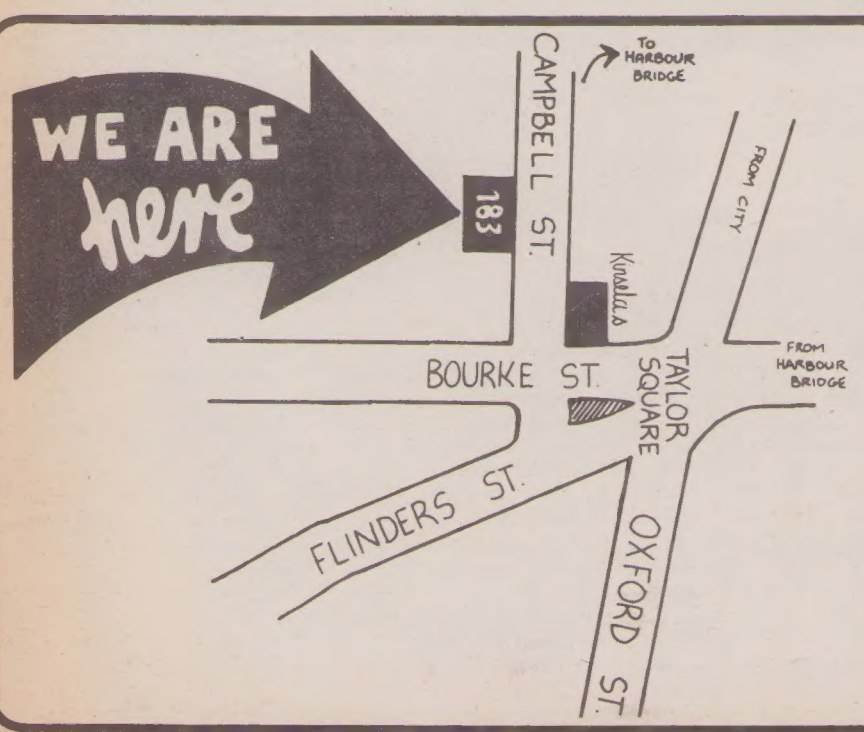

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